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"WHAT BRINGS SO MANY IRISH TO AMERICA!"

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A PAMPHLET

WRITTEN BY HIBERNICUS:

ONE PART OF WHICH

EXPLAINS THE MANY CAUSES

OF

IRISH EMIGRATION;

THE OTHER

THE CONSISTENCY OR INCONSISTENCY

OF

"Native Americanism" as it is.

~~~~~  
"Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour  
When first Ambition struck at regal power;  
And thus polluting honour in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore;  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;  
Seen opulence her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall;  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?"

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## “What brings so many Irish to America?”

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This is a question which so often sounds in the ears of an Irishman, that, were he not aware that the American people are famed for learning, he might be inclined to attribute the frequent repetition of the enquiry to a very imperfect knowledge of the history of a land, once as famed for freedom, knowledge, and hospitality, as it is now proverbial for slavery, poverty and degradation. That such a question should be asked by the sciolist in the street, or the bigot on a rostrum, is not to me the least surprising; but that it should find its way to the offices of lawyers, and private parlors of their ladies, is something at which the scholar must be astonished—the philanthropist confounded. What brings so many Irish to America? And ought we not restrict foreign emigration? have become the ruling topics of the day, in every city, town and hamlet. Nay more: bar-rooms have been converted into debating schools, in which the latter of these interrogatories is discussed with more than christian warmth and animation. It appears to me, that had these literati of the day but judged the feelings of foreigners by their own internal conceptions, this obscure *oracle*, at whose secret-holding doors they incessantly keep knocking, would from its inmost shrine at once reveal the solemn, sacred truth, that nothing, save a pure, holy love of liberty, “*brings so many Irish to America.*”

And how can it be otherwise? Is home so worthless that men can abandon it without cause? The American who desires to try the experiment, may substantiate the fact in the following simple manner: Let him persuade his imagination that he is about to turn his back forever to,—

“Home! sweet nurse of the heart,  
Where love and lore, alternate hours employ,  
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy.”

Let him next stand upon the beach, the last dear foothold of his country;—shake for the last time in life, the age-worn hands of his affectionate parents—embrace, and clasp his arms round the throbbing heart of a young, loving consort—bid an everlasting farewell to his young, smiling children—expose his life and fortune to the scowling elements, and devouring ocean—live a friendless exile in a strange land, “hewing wood and drawing water,” should he ever return he’ll pity an exile, and clear as a cuckoo sing in Columbia—

“Home, sweet home, there is no place like home.”

This is a pretty fair contrast between an Irish and an American exile; yet the balance lies against the latter; for, when we reflect, there is imaginary comfort in voluntary banishment. The American leaves home at his own free will, while the persecuted Irishman is pursued by the blood-dripping scourges of the tyrant, to the last perceptible promontory of his land, that as if to teach an independent lesson to man, exhibits its majestic head high above the foaming surges of the raging ocean, that chafe and foam like tyrants at its base.

For Irishmen to leave home, although the world bears witness that their home is lovely and fruitful, as the hand of Heaven could make it, is now-a-days no wonder; but to see a free-born American forced by oppression from the stripes and stars of his country, is, thank Heaven! what the Romans would call,—

“*Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*”

Indeed, it is as natural to see thousands of corpulent sons of the Emerald Isle, jumping like fishes from the waves, round the battery, of a fine summer’s evening, and consecrating themselves useful citizens of Washington’s land, as to see the snow fall in December, or the mountain torrent rushing from on high, to mingle with its mother ocean. This seems to be their first crime. For this intrusion, they are instantly arrayed before the tribunal of a band of upstart politicians, whose only claim to notice is, that they style themselves Native Americans,—a name which Irishmen honor and revere, as much as they repudiate, condemn and



disregard the selfishness of beardless bigots, who so impudently set themselves up to annul the principles and laws of the master-spirits of the Revolution.

These, and these alone, are the illiterate and disappointed office seekers, whose souls are too narrow to comprehend "*what brings so many Irish to America.*" But as it would be stooping too low, for a horseman, as well as subjecting himself to unprofitable labor, to keep whipping every little terrier that may bark from time to time about his horse's feet; I pass them over unnoticed, aware that the best medicine that can be administered to such brainless maniacs, is a double portion of silent contempt. If they are able, Samson-like, to pull asunder the pillars that support their country's Constitution, they may one day succeed in their works of bigotry and proscription. To every intelligent American, who reveres the names of *Washington, Franklin* and *Jefferson*, it is as clear as the mid-day sun, that the inhabitants of the Universe, like the waters that encompass the earth, must seek a common level:—that if one portion of the human family take up their blissful abode in the Elysian fields of Republican liberty, the other portion will desire to pour down from the bleak, weather-beaten hills of kingly oppression, to participate in their freedom, to share their every blessing. This is to a letter, the spirit of the Declaration of American Independence, which proclaims to the world, that, "all men were created free and equal."

As I have already more than hinted, that it is no pleasant undertaking for any man, no matter how little he regards his birth-place, to bid an eternal adieu to the scenes of his boyhood, his parents, wife, brothers, sisters, children, and all that enchain man's soul to his native land: I now wish to remind the American, that there was a time when Irishmen could find no richer home, than their own dear, lovely Erin. Early as the year 1956 of the world, that is, 300 years after the Flood, as we are informed by the "book of invasions," Ireland is known to have contributed amply towards supporting a large remnant of the human family, cast on her shore at such early period, by

the tide of emigration, under their great leader Partholanus. This was a colony of foreigners from Greece, but they met no Aaron Clark or "Native" to oppose their landing. Colony after colony succeeded, until the permanent settlement of the whole island was accomplished, A. M., 2736, by Milesius, the fifth adventurer,—the illustrious progenitor of the Irish people, from whom all pride to be descended.

Although her majesty Queen Victoria, in one of her recent speeches, delivered, no doubt to extract a smile, from her beloved Prince Albert, or to please her adulating courtiers, was forced for want of memory, to call classic Erin "a nameless land;" her majesty should recollect, that not only its name but geographical outlines were known to Julius Cæsar, as may be seen from the following short description taken from the fifth book of his commentaries: "*Qua ex parte, est Hibernia, dimidio minor, ut existimatur, quam Britania.*" At this time Britain was a slave—Ireland free. Pliny and Tacitus concur with Cæsar in calling Ireland Hibernia, while Plutarch denominates it "Ogygia," which in his language signifies the most ancient Isle. Thus the impartial reader may plainly see that the beautiful Queen of Great Britain must have forgotten her history, or she could find some name for a land so well known to the ancients.

From the landing of the Milesians to that execrated epoch in the annals of Ireland "1172," a period of 2440 years, Ireland flourished under her own laws, as a blooming rose under the dews of heaven. But scarcely had the foot-prints of usurpers polluted her shores, than her lovely vallies were changed to a literal Golgotha. The happiness of Ireland during her own legislation, is beautifully portrayed, by her own gifted Goldsmith, in the following couplet:

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man."

The first subject to which I desire to call the attention of those who so often ask, "What brings so many Irish to America?" is the wide line of unnatural demarkation drawn



out by Strongbow and his successors, the moment they gained possession of Ireland. Any Christian man, whose heart warms with the love of his fellow creatures, would naturally think that all rancour and deep-rooted prejudice against the poor Irish, should die forever, on the very day they ceased resistance.

This conjecture should be confirmed by the recollection that all nations and provinces subjugated by the old Greeks and Romans, were merely made tributary to their conquerors, after which they became amalgamated with their rulers; were permitted to receive the benefit of their laws; or hold tenaciously to the belief of their fathers, and freely exercise their own provincial rights. When England herself was conquered by the Normans, the savage fury and ruthless vengeance of the victors were allayed and satiated; their blood-stained swords returned to their scabbards, when she surrendered at the battle of Hastings. When Edward I. conquered Wales, all marks of distinction were obliterated; the English and Welsh became one people, consolidated as the particles that compose the pyramids of Egypt. China too, when conquered by the relentless Tartars, was equally indemnified as regards life and property. In fact, all nations, whether conquered by Jews, Turks, Vandals, or Mahometans, were left eligible to all the advantages, and free to the adoption of any measures that might tend to their internal prosperity, provided they remained in subordination and acknowledged the sway of those by whom they were subdued. But in vain may the eye of the traveller wander over the desolated wastes of the world, to find a land so plundered,—a people so down-trodden, insulted, and persecuted, as Ireland and the Irish people. All credible historians, whose pens were guided by impartial justice, and whose minds were too free to be bribed by Parliament, unanimously agree, that whenever England wanted money or lands in Ireland, all she had to do, was

“Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”

These more unsparing in their works of death than the

blood-hounds slipped by the murderous Pizarro on the wretched Peruvians, were never called back to their barracks, until men might

“Wade through seas of blood,  
And walk o’er mountains of slaughtered bodies.”

The countryman of Washington, unaccustomed as he is to feel the lash of persecution, will scarcely believe, on the writer’s “ipse dixit,” that England’s policy has been, during the long period of six centuries, to alienate the Irish people; to plunder them by fraud and peculation; to extinguish their language; to represent them to the world an ignorant rabble; to exclude them from all offices of honour and emolument; and finally to subject them to enduring vassalage, compared to which the Helots of Greece were more than emperors in the streets of Sparta. He deems it almost unworthy of credence, that refined England, who wants but power to extend her dominion and force the Religion of a meek Redeemer, by the sword’s deadly point, as she has already done to the poor defenceless Chinese, could ever enact a law by which the murder of an Irishman was punishable by a fine; say ten or twenty shillings. For proof of these assertions, I refer him to Leland’s history of Ireland, pages 329 and 378, which read as follows: “The murder of an Irishman was punishable only by a fine, a slight restraint on the rage of insolence and rapine; while the murder of an Englishman was a capital offence in the Irish nation. If any man of English race shall use any Irish name, the Irish language, or the Irish apparel, or any mode or custom of the Irish, the act provides that he shall forfeit lands and tenements, until he hath given security in the court of chancery, to conform in every particular to the English manners; or if he have no lands, that he shall be imprisoned until the like security be given.” These are extracts that verify beyond the doubts of the most incredulous, that the Irish people have borne beyond the point of endurance, and that any part of the world, even the wilds of Africa, or the frozen regions of Siberia, would appear more like home, than the ill-fated land that gave them birth.



The life of a native-born, taken by a commissioned foreign assassin, was considered of no more value in one of the English courts, under the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Edward IV., and Edward VI., than the head of a thistle amputated by the playful caprice of a school-boy. Under such reigns of proscription, and unexampled intolerance, gladly would any Irishman, possessed of an immortal soul, the image of his maker, seek a refuge beyond the limits of despotic power, but as seen by the subjoined clause, it was made penal for him to emigrate to any other portion of the world. "The person and goods of an Irishman attempting to transport himself without license, might be seized by any subject, who was to receive one moiety of the goods, for such service, the other to be forfeited to the king." By this, all a man had to do to get possession of his neighbour's farm, was to swear before a magistrate, that he endeavored to escape from servitude. Strange as this appears in the nineteenth century, the law was in force in 1776, and was one of the leading grievances of which the immortal heroes of the American Revolution complain, in the Declaration of Independence, where it is stated: "he has obstructed the laws of Naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage emigration hither." Good heavens! to what abject state of bestial slavery are men reduced, who have no control whatever over their own lives, and who are prohibited by the laws of tyrants, although more than brutalized at home, to seek beyond the waters a free asylum, where their sufferings might be alleviated, their bleeding wounds all healed!

To imagine the fire-brand of an incendiary applied to any man's dwelling; to behold the flames rise up with columns of smoke to lick the heavens; to hear the inmates in the agonies of death, shriek for mercy and deliverance, when both were denied, would be but forming an accurate conception of the wretched inhabitants of a land, oppressed, tortured, and pillaged by despotic misrule, without the least facility to escape, without the slightest amelioration of their sufferings. Indeed had the first Saxon settlers extirpated by treachery, in which they have been well disciplined;

the whole Irish people to a man; had they depopulated the vallies and fired the mountains, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, they would have advanced a step nearer to Christianity, than to confiscate their lands and subject them to a life of lingering starvation.

For had Ireland been absolutely possessed, after the annihilation of all the former inhabitants, by a people of any other name or extraction, instead of her now being a blot upon the map of nations and her people a bye-word to the tyrants of Europe, she might now be as in days of yore, the college of the west, the home of brave and learned heroes. Let the American traveller but visit that land of slavery, there, like Marius, 'mid the ruins of Carthage, he may form an opinion of its ancient dignity, by the desolation that appears around. In the valley of Glendalough, a place in the county of Waterford, twenty miles southwest of Dublin, the mutilated walls and crumbled ruins of seven churches, like those of St. Augustine's in Philadelphia, will tell at once the awful tale that an infuriated gang of sacrilegious plunderers, in their church-burning rage, found out that venerable spot, and dispelled nocturnal darkness by the flames of holy temples. But should curiosity invite him to visit Drogheda, there the blood of murdered Irishmen sticks indelibly to the ivy-mantled walls, as if to show, that sanguinary Cromwell butchered five long days, where, as the poet writes :

“ No age was spared ; no sex, nay no degree ;  
Not infants in the porch of life were free ;  
The sick, the old who could not hope a day  
Longer by Nature's bounty, not let stay ;  
Virgins and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,  
All died. 'Twas crime enough that they had lives.”

The practice of firing temples dedicated to religious worship, and denuding altars of their sacred vestures, were numbered among the other daily pastimes of Cromwell and his soldiers in Ireland; for like the tyrant Commodus, whose most harmless play was cutting off his neighbours' noses; they, while resting from the slaughter of pregnant women and prattling babies, kept their hands in practice by burning Catholic churches. Of all villains, none can



appear more detestable in the eyes of heaven, than he, who to glut his revenge against an enemy, sets a church in flames, erected to the honour and glory of the living God. In its best meaning it is Titan-like assailing heaven, and bidding open defiance to that Almighty Deity who made the world out of nothing, and who, in pure love for man, sent his only begotten Son to die for the sins of all born into the world. It matters not the value of a rotten nut, whether he is a Catholic, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, a Methodist, a Unitarian, or a Universalist, when he attempts to hurl the flaming brand within the walls of any edifice, in which any body of men, WHITE, BLACK, OR BROWN, assemble on the Holy Sabbath to worship God, according to the dictates of their consciences, that instant

“Beware of him ;  
Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.”

I might follow up this account of the barbarities committed, and the blood which marked the vestiges of those whose creed was, to plan from their first landing, the utter extinction of the Irish race. I might trouble the reader with the perusal of a thousand documents from the pens of those who made it their greatest boast never to have given quarters to the Irish people ; but for birth place alone butchered them as sheep and cattle in the shambles ; but the following summons to Hawarden Castle, by one of Cromwell's beloved and confidential officers, will suffice to prove that I have not exaggerated, nor could the pen of man do so. It may be found in Rushworth, V. 300 page, and reads as follows :

“I presume you very well know, or have heard of my condition and disposition, and that I neither give nor take quarter. I am now with my firelocks, which never yet neglected opportunity to correct rebels, ready to use you as I have done the Irish, but loath am I to spill my countrymen's blood.”

THOS. SANFORD.

Had these been born on Irish soil, they would find no mercy. The student of American history can not fail to perceive a strict similarity between this consummate villain and

the tory General Grey, who assassinated, in cold blood, Colonel Bayler's troop of light dragoons, while sleeping in a barn at Tappan town, the posts of which to this day are stained with their patriotic blood.



Tappan, on a smaller scale, represents the indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children at Drogheda, while the Vandal-like cruelty of Grey exhibits the career of a licensed murderer, whose proudest boast was, never to have given quarter to the surrendered Irish. Although Cromwell agreed to give quarter to all that would lay down arms, and all by necessity agreed, we will see by his own despatches to parliament, how many of those valiant men were spared.

"SIR: It has pleased God to bless our endeavours at Drogheda; after battering, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance, and near one thousand of our men being entered, the enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered, beating the enemy from their defences. The enemy had made three retrenchments both to the right and left, when we entered, all which they were forced to quit; being thus entered, we refused them quarter, having the day before summoned the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives: those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time the enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. This hath been a marvellous great mercy!! The enemy being not willing to put an issue on a field battle, had put into this garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers, Sir Arthur Asten being made governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Armand's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Verney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the enemy, said, that he was the only man that escaped of all the garrison. The enemy were filled upon this with much terror; and truly,



I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, THROUGH THE GOODNESS OF GOD!!! I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs! For instruments they were very inconsiderable the work throughout.

O. CROMWELL."

If after the perusal of this letter, any man can find, among the darkest deeds of Nero, Caligula, Tiberius, or Domitian, any catalogue of crimes so infernal in their nature, as these perpetrated by this hypocritical ruffian, or rather without over-straining the English language for a name, incarnate demon; "I pause for a reply." Hear him, after wading through torrents of blood, and trampling on heaps of mangled bodies, calling upon all honest hearts to give the glory of this to God alone! "to whom, indeed, the praise of all this mercy belongs." Glory! for what? For the wilful assassination of 3000 men, women and children! O, merciful God! didst thou ever delight in the effusion of human blood? Can thy grace be obtained by the destruction of those created to thy own image and likeness? Didst thou, whose only weapons were, while establishing the kingdom of thy Father on earth, prayer and fasting, exhortation and miracles, nerve the arm of any mortal, to deluge the land with the blood of thy creatures, and attribute the carnage to that Eternal being, who delivered from Sinai's sacred mount, 'mid thunder and lightning, the awful mandate  *Thou shalt not kill.*  To that immutable, omnipotent God, who healed the wound of Malchus, checked the hand of his disciple Peter, and declared, for the instruction of future generations, that "*they who take the sword, shall perish by the sword.*"

But, Christian reader, reflect that it is the same Jehovah who forbade Peter to wound, inspired Cromwell to murder. The only possible way to account for this alogy, according to the spirit of the above quoted letter, is that he was a Jew whom the Apostle Peter wounded—they were all Irishmen, who fell by the unsparing sword of the great defender of the Puritanic sect. This makes a material difference, as Jews and Gentiles were alike to God,

by the English laws, the Irish were deemed beyond the pale of salvation, and consequently should *fall before the hands of pious men, as grass before the scythes of mowers.*

But, perchance the Jew was smitten without cause, while the "Idolatrous Irish" merited even more than ever they received. Be this as it may, every man may judge for himself. Sacred writ informs us that the Jew came out with sticks and staves, to seize and crucify the Son of God,—the Irishmen lived in the land of their fathers, and believed in the religion ordained by His divine will, and sanctified by His precious blood. Yet this same eternal, never changing God, condemns the rashness of Peter in Asia, and heals the wound inflicted for his Lord and Master; while 1650 years after, when looking down from His celestial mansion, on the massacre of 3000 Catholics, at Drogheda, he is said to have thus addressed his pious follower, Oliver Cromwell: Well done, thou good and faithful servant Oliver,—because thy sword reeks with the heart's blood of imploring females, and helpless innocents; because thou hast assisted the destroying Angel in his works of human destruction, and spared no flesh within thy reach; because thou hast fired churches, murdered Priests, pillaged altars, depopulated cities, villages and hamlets; thy zealous and meritorious deeds shall not be cancelled from the archives of Heaven, until I call the living and the dead to judgment in the valley of Jehosaphat.

The ravages and murders committed by St. Leger, Coote, Ireton Monroe, Greenville, and Hamilton, were nothing inferior to those of their master, Cromwell. For twenty-five miles around, as the historian relates, was effected the utter extermination of man and beast. Sir William Petty, who wrote on behalf of the Government, represents the number destroyed by sword, famine, hardship, and transportation, between 23d Oct., 1641, and the same day of said month, 1652, to have been no less than *five hundred thousand.* This bloody war, if war it can be called, of 1641, was commenced on the lying information of a base, perjured wretch, named Owen Connolly, bribed by the long parliament, to swear away the lives and pro-



perty of inoffending Irishmen. He having obtained the thirty pieces of silver, swore that the Irish were on the eve of a rebellion, and thus opened a gate for English jobbers to confiscate the whole estates of the Irish land-holders. This was the only means adopted by England, whenever she wished to seize on real estate, and extend her dominion in unhappy Ireland. Her gold dripping with the blood of its lawful owners, was offered as a bribe to some perjured outcast, on whose guilty soul the father of lies might have a thousand previous mortgages. The three most execrated names in the annals of Ireland, for perjury of this description, are Armstrong, Reynolds, and Connolly. How true it is, that

“ Falsehood and fraud grow up in every soil ;  
The product of all climes.”

The latter of these double dyed traitors brought a lasting curse on his country, that, like the corroding canker, has fed for centuries on her very vitals. The rebellion being ended, after much blood-shed, as already stated, all the chief commanders met in counsel, when Lord Broghill proposed that the whole kingdom would be surveyed, so that the number of acres might be known, with their quality, and then every soldier to bring in his bill of arrears, and so give to every man by lot, as many acres as might equal the amount of his arrears. This met the cordial approbation of all Cromwell's fortune hunters, and accordingly Ireland being surveyed, and the number of acres known, the most fruitful land was valued at four shillings an acre, and down so low as one penny. The names of all who were in arrears being then taken, they drew lots, so as to know what part might fall to the lot of each man. Thus the whole of Ireland was divided among the merciless plunderers of Cromwell. Ten millions of the best land in the world, was, by a single scroll of the pen, delivered over to those, as a reward for the vast number of natives they had killed. This statement is not hyperbolical, when the reader reflects, that in the days of Ireland's glory, the Earl of Desmond Tyrone and Tyrconnell, owned one million one hundred thousand acres. By Cromwell's special or-

der, six millions of acres were confiscated, and after the final defeat of King James' adherents, 1,500,000, which in all amount to eight millions, seven hundred thousand. This is pretty near the ten millions stated, and would probably surmount the estimation, had all the private estates, taken away from time to time, been added. To such as would forswear their religion, sometimes a part, and often the whole of their estate was given; but in no instance was the Catholic allowed to inherit his property, or enjoy his religious belief undisturbed. This is a sufficient reason, I trust, to account for the well known fact, that in Ireland, with few exceptions, all wealthy land-holders are protestants, while the Catholics constitute what is termed a multitude of mendicants. This is, unquestionably, "what brings so many Irish to America."

All, to a man, who proved not traitors to their country, and who renounced not the faith of their fathers, were expelled from "house and home," while the renegades, who bartered their God for the mammon of the world, are now those haughty, overbearing lordlings, at whose feet the peasantry of Ireland are forced to bow, like Israelites before the golden calf. Thus it is, that the traveller beholds so many gorgeous castles, built after the fashion of the "tower of Babel," in all parts of Ireland. Like their supercilious inmates, they stand so high in the centre of thousands of verdant acres never tilled, "since Adam was a boy," that they frown contemptuously on the poor man's cot, and bury their heads so high in the clouds of ambition, that they are deaf to the cries of thousands supplicating at their base. The reader is aware, that there are but two extremes in Ireland, too much affluence, or too much poverty. Because the poor man's ancestor remained faithful to his God, his creed, and his country, he must abandon all that's dear to him in life, encounter the raging waves of the wide Atlantic, to obtain a living in the pestilential swamps of Savannah and New Orleans, while the rich usurper lives a modern "Dives," and fattens on the fruits of his ancestral apostacy. There is no remuneration in the old world for any transcendant qualifications of



which man may be possessed. All is hereditary. The rich man's son is born with gold, titles, honor and emolument, while the poor man's child comes into the world, with the word SLAVE seared upon his forehead, doomed to toil and want forever. This is the response of the English oracle:—a slave he was born, a slave he must die. No Irishman can create himself Lord, Duke, or Earl, unless at some period of his life he registers his name in the book of infamy, and oppression of his native land. Avowed hostility, and eternal rancour against the green land that gave him birth, are the gradus, by which any Irishman can ascend the golden chariot of lordly honors.

“Unprized are her sons, till they learn to betray;  
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;  
 And the torch that would light them to dignity's way.  
 Must be caught from the flame, where their country expires.”

Having briefly shown, that from Ireland's first acquaintance with England, she has been a plundered land, and that those who were so fortunate as to escape the sword, were not left a square acre of their fathers' land; I trust that every thinking man; every friend of liberty, and every countryman of the Heaven-born Washington, will for the future be able to answer what “*brings so many Irish to America?*” Leaving, then, the “despised Irish,” so called, like the Canaanites of old, dispersed over all Nations, and suffering exiles from the green fields of Erin, I now advert to the intolerable mountain of taxation heaped upon the remnant that remained at home, since the introduction of that mechanical power, the screw, or *Established Church*. But before I advance any thing against an institution so purely divine, I would again respectfully remind the reader that nothing so unholy as ill-founded prejudice could stimulate me to write one solitary phrase against the doctrine of any sect or denomination. My firm conviction is, that man's *political* and religious belief, should be as free and unshackled, as the liquid atmosphere that floats on high, and enshrouds the universal world.

But I would ask any unbiased American, who has offered libations sixty-eight years to the genius of liberty,

and who has been accustomed to pray and worship after the manner of his fathers ; how he should like any Church, established by law, in the centre of the United States, before whose altar he would be compelled to worship, or forfeit a certain amount of his own peculiar property ? Suppose he belonged to a church, in which the thirteen-fourteenths of his countrymen worshipped their God in their best manner ; that they believed there was no better way by which they could save their immortal souls ; and suppose the other one-fourteenth of the population took it into their heads to have a different church for themselves, the question at issue is, would he like to be forced, against his will, to conform to that church, in which he believed not,—whose tenets his very heart and soul abhorred ? But let us go farther, and suppose that certain penal laws, enacted against the immortality of souls, were so modified that the one fourteenth were permitted by Parliament to make a proposition to the thirteen fourteenths, and grant them religious toleration, provided that, whenever they built a church for themselves, they should build a more costly one, with a higher steeple, for the little party, and support the ministers of both, all the days of their lives ; would not that free American answer, from the recesses of his soul—No ! little party, we will build and repair our own church, as our fathers taught us—we will educate and ordain our own ministers, support them as we please, to the best of our ability, and we only desire that you shall do the same. As we believe not in your law-established doctrine, we have no desire to support your church, Atlas-like, on our shoulders, while we live. It is too unreasonable to ask fourteen men to build a church for one, so long as that man may find ample place in that already built. Should he find fault, and object against the faith of millions, living and dead, he may build his meeting-house at his own expense, and alone enjoy the blessings of his Heavenly inspiration. All we request is, that he shall prove his mission from God, by going to work peaceably, leaving us the enjoyment of our opinion, while he cultivates more perfectly the seed of salvation sown by our



Lord and Savior during the thirty-three years he lived on earth.

This language, which I know would fall from the lips of every free American, would not do for the proscribed Irish. Their land at this time was after being deluged with a crimson flood, and England remembered the words of the savage conqueror,—“the only portion of the vanquished is to suffer.” The Catholics at this time were as fourteen to one, the Protestants as one to fourteen. In vain did the former argue, that the Apostles died Catholics, and that had there been any falsity attached to that faith, they had a better right to know, than the Apostles of the established church, who lived 1500 years afterwards, and were so far away from our Savior’s sepulchre. But in vain may a fat lamb bleat for mercy, in the presence of a hungry wolf. The Catholics ever since have been compelled to support two churches, the one established by the son of man,—the other by the king of England. This incubus has pressed heavy on them for 300 years. Like the fabled *Encilaudus*, they have complained and groaned, turned and struggled, still they feel the same unholy weight, still they find themselves the same unpitied, starving, and insulted people. Poor Ireland appears to the world a smitten angel, writhing in the pangs of oppression ; while England remains the same inexorable demon, pressing down with the cloven hoof of persecution, on her fruitful bosom, and plunging to the hilt the hell-forged blade of intolerance, through the very centre of her bleeding heart. The nineteenth century, and the christian world, declare that her sufferings should be no more; while England swears, by the towering pile of butchered Chinese, she shall suffer forever,—her persecution shall be *eternal*. Yes, as the Lord liveth, says England, while the nations of the earth shall do me homage; while the blood of millions overflow my foot-prints, and the sepulchres of kingdoms rise where I travel; while blood, conflagrations, ruins and desolation attest my royalty, Ireland shall groan—her sons shall live in slavery.

This, if not in words, in literal meaning is the oath ob-

served by England more than 600 years, against the liberty of her sister country. The machine by which she performed this, and carried all her designs so effectually into execution, is called by the Irish "the parsons' screw," by the English the "*Established Church*." The purport applied to each of these terms, seems to be well understood by both parties. Although the Irish in other respects may "know but little," they are by no means ignorant of the true acceptation of the term *Established Church*, so far as it affects the Irish nation. Without diving into the classical and pellucid fountains of Greek and Latin, they derive the simple definition, which they judiciously apply from the English verb, to screw, which means to force, implying thereby that the *Established Church*, like a screw, was forced through their whole nation, as that mechanical power is forced through a large log of hickory wood, by dint of physical force. The English, equally correct in the name given, derive the participial adjective established, from the English verb to establish, which means to settle firmly, well aware that it would be equally futile and foolish, to search the vocabularies of antiquity to find a name for a Church, which sprang up at such a late period, so long as the English language was still living, and fully competent to afford a satisfactory appellation. As the English readily admit that their Church works like a screw, by scooping turns through the Irish people, so the Irish bear witness that any Church must be well established, while supported by a population of nine millions of Catholics. Thus it is, that a word may often have two purports, and each perfectly right. The word sacer, in Latin, means both blest and cursed, so that it would not avail the *Established Church* a sixpence, had its first founders named it *Ecclesia Sacra* in England; the Irish people, aware that names change not substances, would still find it a curse, under that or any other name. Should it be called *Cælum* by the English, the Irish have every reason, so far as it affects themselves, to call it *Orcus*.

I now wish to describe, briefly, the number of men, their names and occupation, that officiate around the sanctuary



of that great law established edifice. Mark them as they come, although very familiar to all Irishmen, blest be God! they are yet unknown in the land of Washington. The Parson may justly be called the great "primum mobile" of the whole. On Sunday evening you may hear this venerable divine preaching a long charity sermon to his little flock, at the end of which, with up-lifted eyes, he prays that the hearts of his hearers may be open to charity, which alone can wing their souls to the mansions of eternal bliss. On Monday morning mark his footsteps! They are directed towards the wretched cabin of a needy widow. Behold him followed by the tithe proctor, sub-proctor, bailiff, sub-bailiff, barony ranger, (so called by the peasants,) and a retinue of police, whose bayonets are naked, and whose swords glisten in the sunshine. The parson first enters, having bowed his head, bent his knees, and stooped his back somewhat lower than usual, not so much to show his collegiate politeness in the presence of a poor old woman, as to save his castor's bottom from a contusion it might otherwise receive from the lowness of the widow's door, which, of course, was never built after the model of a costly glebe, to attract the admiration of the passing nobility. He is entered. The poor widow is startled from her morning sleep by the much-feared sound, "*Pay the tithes to your parish minister.*" In vain may she apologize; in vain may she point out her distress, and the penury that appears in her lowly dwelling; in vain may she tell him in the most imploring language, that she has this or that article ready for the next market, and that she only begs a few days for "God's sake," at the expiration of which, she will combine all her little means together, and pay the tithes to the last farthing. Short as may have been the interval between Sunday evening, when he preached the charity sermon, and Monday morning, when he is collecting tithes, all his charity is forgotten. The widow's words fall on his ears as rain drops on a swan's back. In the dignity and importance of a gentleman, he turns on his heel, when the charitable language piously flows from his lips: "Officers do your duty." Reader, as a man who never may have



seen a tithe proctor, "GUESS" what is that duty? If you can't, mark the pale and agitated countenance of the forlorn widow; see the sparkling tears roll from her eyes as she beholds her helpless family; experience teaches her what that duty is; she knows beyond the conceptions of any man. A thousand times previous she heard the same unmerciful mandate. A thousand times she beheld her own and her childrens' bed denuded of its coverings, and all consigned to the more merciful blasts of a cold winter's tempest. She, and such as she only can understand the word duty, in the minister's language, as this part of his weekly sermon, or rather TEXT for every day's sermon, can never escape the widow's memory:—the ravages it leaves behind inscribe it deeply on her heart. The proctor's duty as commanded by the parson, is to rob the widow and starve her orphans. As the preacher is both parson and magistrate, his commands must have force. Perchance, the pale-faced widow and starving orphans owe for as much land as may be included within the walls of their little hut four or five shillings. She must work on low diet, and sleep without bed-clothes, for the divine parson has by this time accumulated the sum of five hundred pounds fifteen shillings, and only wants the widow's "mite," or five shillings more, to make it even money. This is the first application of the mighty screw. Two proctors, two bailiffs, and generally a half dozen of "peelers," are the hands employed to screw out the widow and orphans' shillings. These, as the ten plagues of Egypt, visit the Irish, the last generally ten times more destructive than all the rest.

"What one plunderer left, the next will seize."

Nor dare the most brave dispute their power. Unlike all other laws in the world, are those of England. The fat parson preaches in the Established Church; the Catholic, who never saw his pulpit nor heard his sermon, must support him for life, and pay him a salary, if not more, not less than a thousand pounds a year, by which he may be enabled to buy silks for his wife, and gew-gaws for his young ladies, while their own wives and daughters must wear coarse flannels. This is levied round on all the par-

ish, and so as not subject him to the cost of suing, he is no more a minister of the gospel than a magistrate of the law. He preaches on the Sabbath, issues decrees on Mondays, and attends court every Wednesday. Thus he has all law as well as sanctity in his own hands. The poor man, who refuses or is unable to pay the tithes, is immediately cited before a multitude of these "men of God," who, to prove themselves the ministers of his gospel, as well as magistrates of the laws of England, only send him to work his passage some six months on an instrument called by some, the "devil's trapsticks;" by others the English threadmill. This, by whatever name it may be denominated, is one of the most effective instruments ever invented for breaking the legs of insolvent debtors. The parsons could as easily send their recusant parishioner seven years to gaol, or any where else they pleased, but as ministers of the gospel, they desire to be clement. They give up their own power to the proctor, in these words: "As my father, and England sent me, I also send you." Pillage and plunder as you may, but return not to me without money, and hear not the complaints of the most wretched before they shall have paid the last farthing. Tithes are of holy origin and should be paid first."

Though Irishmen are called brave men, I saw very few so brave as to go to law twice, with any of these half ministers and half lawyers. 'Tis true I often saw their "shilalahs" play round the devoted head of the old proctor, and might discern his round form for many days after in the gutter, still his person being considered inviolable as the Priest of Cibeles, the victor would be obliged by law, to atone for his wickedness, and repent his rashness on the same old rusty threadmill. There is no lenity for any Catholic, who refuses to support a church whose doctrines he totally disbelieves. I recollect not the time that an offender escaped with impunity. The doctrine of the established church, is precisely to the Irish Catholics, what English opium is to the Chinese; still they must use it, should it instantly poison their souls and bodies, or buy it dearly, and throw it away. During three hundred years,



they have chosen the latter of these alternatives, all which time the screw has been in operation; but he happened worse, who complained most, as appears by the following statement of costs, described by a protestant writer, to which the courts subject all who refuse to pay tithes willingly :

“The whole sum in dispute is six shillings; the fee to counsel is a guinea. The very first step, therefore, that a poor man takes for his defence, he has to pay nearly four times the amount of the demand that he contests. He has next to pay two citations for his two witnesses, thirteen shillings and six pence; that is to say, twelve shillings and six pence for the first, and one shilling for the second. The trial generally ends in a decree against the unfortunate peasant, which is followed up by a monition; and the costs of both are stated to add nearly two pounds, sixteen shillings and eight pence to his losses. He is then handed over to the secular arm: the parson processes his wretched parishoner to the civil bill court; there he is decreed, as a matter of course, without even being allowed (strange to say!) to enter into the merits of his case. And what costs follow? The costs of the decree are one shilling and eleven pence. The costs of the warrant, 1s. 1d.; the fees of the bailiff who executes the warrant, are 2s. 4d.; the fees of the two keepers who watch the distress for four days and nights, amount (at 2s. 6d. a day for each) to £1; and lastly, the auctioneer’s fees come to 6s. 3d.; making altogether the sum of £6. 12s. 2d. So that the clergyman sells the whole crop to satisfy the tithes, and turns the miserable wretch, his wife and children to the road, to beg, or to steal, or to starve. High spirited as the poor Irishman may be, he will never have the courage to renew the contest against such powerful odds.”

Here are £6. 12s. 2d. accruing from an original sum of only six shillings. Had the poor man refused to pay this, as the ballance or part of his annual rent, he should deserve no compassion; but because he believes, that ALL churches should rest on their own foundations, and that Church of England men, as well as Catholics, should up-



hold their own religion and pay their own ministers, he falls into the hands of a council of divines, by whom he is speedily ejected, with his wife and family, cast a pennyless wretch to wander round the world, to sink or to swim. This the men of God call justice and religion; will they enlighten the world with a dissertation on extortion and hypocrisy? Nothing sounds more pleasant than to hear some of these saintly men, in country places, arguing with farmers, and proving their claims to the tithes, then in the actual possession of the proctor, carrying away for a holy purpose. Of course the parson, more skilled than the farmer in the formation of syllogisms, proves from varnished and sophisticated arguments, that tithes are of divine origin, and should consequently be paid before all other demands. I recollect in my school-boy days to have heard one of these long contested debates, between an old farmer and a young minister, who had a little previous come into the parish. As nearly as I can remember, the argument ran thus, the parson making the best head-way he could, against adverse winds:

*Parson.* Sir, had you but opened the sacred volume, you would there find, that the patriarch Abraham, having vanquished the three confederate plunderers of his nephew Lot, on his return offered the tenth part of all his spoils to the high priest, Melchisedech, who then offered the sacrifice of bread and wine to the living God. This proves beyond all manner of doubt, that tithes must be of sacred origin; for the benefactor was the great father of the faithful, and the recipient no less a personage than the representative of the Messiah promised for the salvation of the world. The fact of father Abraham having delivered up spontaneously any part of his possessions to the holy man, is one irrefragable proof, to show to the most unthinking that tithes are not only ancient, but the heavenly gifts of a willing soul.

*Farmer.* Reverend Sir: In my *rural simplicity*, I can't conceive what bearing the holy patriarch's offering can have on this little house and lot of mine. If I dare speak so bold, I think thou art not quite so holy as Melchisedech, nor I so faithful as Abraham. Abraham made a voluntary sacri-

fice of his only son Isaac ; but it does not follow that all fathers must do the same, for the plain reason, that God does not demand it of all men. Had the holy man known that his free offering would be so misconstrued in after ages, as to send the tithe-proctor to seize by force, what he gave with free will, I firmly believe he would never have sown the seed of plunder, which so often blossomed in blood throughout POOR IRELAND. I can perceive a very wide difference between the relation that Abraham and the holy priest bore to each other, and that which exists between the parson, or proctor, and a poor Irish farmer. In the first place, the priest and patriarch were of the same religion, so that the munificence of the latter only gave birth to that popular adage—"it is never lost, what a friend gets." In the second place, Melchisedech permitted Abraham to save his soul, by the presentation of a free gift ; but the time is not remembered in Ireland, when the farmer was left long enough to reflection to know whether he should redeem his soul or not, by a voluntary donation to the ministers of the Established Church. The gift obtained by the peeler's push-back, and that conferred by the right hand of the heavenly patriarch, appear to me, as they must to all men, very dissimilar. Finally, I heard you not long since, when discussing Religion with A. B. On his quoting a text from the book of Genesis, in support of his doctrine, you objected to its validity, on the ground that all things practiced in the old law, are nullified under what you call the Christian dispensation. This would be truly consoling doctrine to the poor farmer, had you but left the tithes among all other superfluous things, to the Jews, and never collect them under this new dispensation.

*Parson.* Old man, it is your ignorance, or if I may modify the expression, forgetfulness of ancient history, that causes you to talk so inconsistent. We have ten thousand documents to prove that Church-tithes are indispensably necessary for the propagation of the faith, and that they should be considered appendages to the temple of God, spread over the whole kingdom. But as I showed sufficiently explicit from holy writ, for any educated man to



see, that tithes of any description, are not an imposition, arising from the tyranny of man, but emanate directly from that all-wise Being, who sometimes indirectly, and often opposed to the will of mortals, burthens our bodies that our souls may be saved. I'm now ready, for your and your neighbours' instruction, to prove that tithes were no strange impositions to the old Romans, although heathens to a man. They never murmured at paying what they deemed a religious obligation; but handed down the laudable practice, as they did the large fund of their refined knowledge, to the kings and emperors of Europe. If you but studied the history of the Roman Republic, you would discover that from the time the clement Tiber delivered Romulus to the protection of a wolf, to the time in which great Augustus left the capital a city of marble, and ever afterwards to its final subjugation by the northern savages, tithes were considered holy as the eternal fires, fed by the Vestal Virgins, or the sacred geese, that rode in triumph in their gold-embroidered chariots. From the most refined Epicurean, that slumbered in the lap of luxury, to the fierce, puissant Hercules, that conquered all before him, from the mouth of the Tiber to the farther side of the river Stryx, all and each paid tithes to their lawful superiors. The learned Dionysius informs us that so hospitable was this conquering warrior, Hercules, that after he had vanquished his powerful antagonist Cacus, seeing that no man had sufficient prowess to demand the tithes of him, invited Evander and all his jolly companions to a feast, at the getting up of which he is said to have spent about one-tenth of what he forced from Cacus, both cattle and money; which was nothing else than paying tithes, in an honourable fashion, at his own free will. Had he kept to himself the whole amount gained by his pugilistic might, no man living could have dared call him to an account; yet so meritorious did he deem tithes recommended by the Senators, or as we would say, members of the House of Lords, that he found no contentment before he expended the one-tenth of his property in the best way he knew. Here, again, we see that tithes are old as the world itself, and should therefore be paid with a free heart and a



willing mind: for if we go back to the days of our first parents, we find in the terrestrial paradise, the woman, who was the weaker, both in body and mind, offering the one-half of her whole property to her husband Adam. She plucked but one apple, and as if to perpetuate the tithe system to the latest period of posterity, she consigned to him one half. I trust I have now fully convinced you, from the examples of the mighty Hercules and our first parents in Eden, that tithes, as collected in Ireland, are no less just than obligatory and ancient.

*Farmer:* Verily, you must be severely driven for sound arguments, when you descend from the blest Melchisedech to the fabled Hercules, to prove that Irish Catholics are bound by all laws, both human and divine, to support all the ministers of the Established Church. Because one Mr. Virgil describes a certain sheep-stealer by the name of Cacus, to have inhabited a subterranean cave on the summit of Mount Aventine, into which he was accustomed to drag, surreptitiously, his neighbours' cattle backwards by the tail; and because, in a regular boxing-match, this notorious felon was vanquished by another bully of superior strength, named Hercules, to whom he was forced by the pressing laws of necessity to deliver up all his stolen cattle and plundered money; one-tenth of which the victor is said to have spent at a drunken frolic with Evander and his other pugilistic companions, which by the by, is no more than our modern jovial ring-fighters do: hence it follows, that the poor old Irish farmer, who never saw Mount Aventine in his life, and who never encased his two hands in a pair of gauntlets, must deliver up the tenth part of all his possessions to the prowling proctor, that the ministers of the Established Church, may fatten and grow pious on the poor man's labour. This is surely what old lawyers call chopping logic. Had you but emerged a little deeper into the merits of the heathen mythology, and told us that Apollo himself, in consequence of the large amount of tithes which he annually received from the inhabitants of the moon, was called Dekatephoras, or tithe-crowned; and that Juno, the beloved of Jupiter and Queen of heaven, bestowed one-tenth

of her possessions to the priests of Cibeles, for the celestial knowledge they displayed in teaching Mars to dance a dead man's hornpipe, you would have strengthened your claim more to the widow's shilling in Ireland than by all other classical quotations you can possibly remember. Indeed, I had every reason to believe, from what you parsons advance on other occasions, that the city of seven hills would be your very last retreat, and the examples of her "idolatrous sons" the last imitated by the devout ministers of the Church of England. But pray, reverend sir, can you find anything nearer home, to prove more thoroughly the parson's right to the Irish tithes? I maintain that, conceal it as you may, tithes and all species of taxation, are not so much the product of Religion, as the baneful offspring of despotic power, cupidity, and brutal force.

*Parson.* Well, since you disregard, and endeavor to bring into contempt, the proofs I have already adduced, both from the inspired volume and ancient history, which to any other man could not fail to prove the solid foundation on which the tithe-system is founded; I now refer you to those which come more immediately before our notice, and may be found recorded, with pride, in the history of England. Against these reasons, I venture to say, it is folly for any man to expostulate. At no later period than the fourth century, when vice was not so prevalent as it is now, tithes were paid without a murmur, for the support of the Church. And in the year of our Lord, 753, we find that Offa, king of Mercia, enacted a statute, by which tithes were established by civil law in England. To show that he did this, from a perfect conviction that tithes were beneficial to the soul, he consigned the one-tenth of all he owned under heaven, to the clergy, for the repairing of churches throughout the kingdom. He afterwards wrote a treatise, in which he positively declares, that he never found any thing so soothing to man's soul, as the willing offering of tithes. In this he was followed by another exemplary Prince, named Ethelwolf, who not only made a free gift of the tenth of what he owned himself, but the same proportion of the whole kingdom. These two pow-



erful patrons of the Church, have piously redeemed their souls, by a large sacrifice of property, thereby endearing their memory to the religious of every age. These are no fabulous tithe-payers, but the christian kings of a land which every true Englishman is proud to acknowledge as his birth-place. What Offa did, and Ethelwolf approved, cannot be wrong. But why do I continue to waste language! Had there been no argument under the canopy of heaven, to prove the sanctity of tithes, the just laws of omnipotent England say they must be paid. Who dare oppose her salutary decrees?

*Farmer.* Ah! now indeed, you come nearer the origin of tithes, than by any of your previous arguments. You have traced it from sacred to profane, from ancient to modern history, and I am rejoiced that you agree with me in leaving England the mother of all tithes and unlawful taxation. Offa and Ethelwolf were the first two kings, in England, that paid tithes to the Church, and these were voluntary, like the gift of Abraham, and the supper of Hercules. As you mentioned the names of these liberal church patrons, it is but just that their offences, and motives, should be linked to their liberality. No crime was reckoned more heinous or unpardonable, among the old Irish, than a breach of hospitality, or inhospitable treatment to any guest, that sought protection in their mansions. Nor was Ireland the only land, in which gifts were offered on the altar of hospitality. The very Africans were sensible of the kind reception a stranger should receive, as is obvious from the kind manner in which Queen Dido received the ship-wrecked Trojans, who in their want, sought and found hospitality at her palace. Now, if it be proven that this tithe-instituting Offa, of England, added to the vilest offence of the ancients, the blackest crime in the catalogue of mortal sins, I think it will be doing something like proving that tithes, instead of claiming parentage from the patriarchs, and holy priests of Canaan, may find their birth from one of the most blood-stained tyrants that sullied the throne of England. Such was the bounteous king Offa, who made a willing oblation of all he owned, that

his soul might be tranquilized, and cleansed from the blood of the murdered Ethelbert. Then, your whole right of plundering the enslaved and wretched peasantry of Ireland, rests "in toto" on the simple historical account, that Ethelbert, a young love-sick prince, was enamored of the fair daughter of Offa, king of Mercia, and paid a visit to her father's palace, who in cold blood murdered him, in the presence of his sweet-heart, and the household gods. This remorseless murderer, being haunted day and night by Tisiphone, and the other furies, could find no rest until he expiated the two-fold crime, by consigning to the Church of God, one tenth of what he owned, after which his soul reposed placid as a mirror lake, when the winds go down to slumber with the setting sun. Next to him in devotion is Ethelwolf, who upon being threatened with an invasion of the Danes, believing that propitious Heaven might avert the calamity, he too, made a compliment to the Church of the tenth part of the whole kingdom; and thus the one recommends tithes to posterity, as the best cure for a guilty conscience,—the other for deep-rooted cowardice. But it would be lost time to argue with commissioned parsons, the merits or demerits of the tithe-system. Suffice it to say, that they originated in blood, and must one day be drowned in a copious effusion of the same purple tide. So long as Ireland is a slave, so long may the proctor starve the orphan, to feed religion.

Ludicrous as such a dialogue may seem to a freeman, it embodies the strongest arguments that can possibly be wielded by the parson, in justification of his grasping avariciously the tenth part of the product of the poor man's industry. On the free offering of Abraham, the nocturnal tippling of Hercules, the guilty conscience of Offa, and the effeminate cowardice of Ethelwolf, rests the towering Glebe, that sanctified receptacle of the first fruits of all Ireland, and the last sixpence of the desolate widow. Day after day may be seen the driver, the lowest link in the chain of humanity, forcing away the farmers' cattle, and consigning them to the mercy of a pound-keeper, who in his turn is generally paid a handsome salary for starving



the cattle, and reducing them to the lowest stage of decomposition, that they may be valued for little or nothing, on the day of general auction. Had the cattle been fed, during the time they are advertised for sale, they might liquidate the owner's debt, without any material sacrifice; but it not unfrequently happens that a cow, worth ten pounds when seized by the driver, is so starved in a cold, muddy pound, that the parson sends his buyer, who, when there is no bidder, strikes her off at something like two pounds. By one month's pasture on his luxurious meadows, the parson enhances her value once more to the original sum, adds her to his hundred stall-fed cattle, and ejects the owner, to linger or to die. This is one of the most flagitious, and I will add rascally means, by which the poor cottier is reduced to penury, and forced from his country, his friends and his home. The pound-keeper, like a terrestrial Cerberus, keeps continually barking, so that to stop his mouth, the bribes given from time to time, would more than doubly pay the amount for which the cattle are empounded. That this is true, appears from the following extracts from a book, written some time ago, by a learned gentleman, entitled *Practical views and suggestions of Irish affairs*. In describing the sweeping excursions of the tithe-officers, he thus writes:—

“It seldom occurs that the parish officer is not on the walk, collecting what is called the parish cess. He is to be met with every day, driving some poor man's cow to the pound, to enforce the payment of his charge, which is assessed by the acre. The poor peasantry are, as usual, the principal victims, as the cess is levied from the occupants exclusively.” In describing the wretchedness of the pounds, into which the cattle are driven, he says:—  
 “There is no public establishment so much used in Ireland as the pound; and the fees paid to the bailiffs in charge of these, for indulgences, or duties arbitrarily imposed, are comparatively considerable. In consequence of ill treatment in these places of confinement, it happens not only generally, but almost universally, that the cattle are much injured, often depreciated a third, or more in value whereby

the poor peasant is made a serious sufferer." To these I subjoin two other extracts from the great Milton's works on tithes. It is very evident that the learned author's opinion of these reverend collectors is rather slender, and that he believes them to be men more designed to hoard up mammon, than preach the word of God:—"I omit their violent and irreligious exactions, their seizing of pots and pans from the poor, who have as good a right to tithes as they, from some the very beds; and seizing and imprisoning worse than when the canon law was in force; worse than when the wicked sons of Eli were priests. For those sons of Balial, within some limits, made seizure of what they knew was their own, by an undoubted law; but these, from whom there is no sanctuary, seize out of mens' grounds, out of mens' houses, their other goods, of double, sometimes of treble value, for that which did not covetousness and rapine blind them, they know to be not their own, by the gospel which they preach." Hear his opinion of these vile exactions:—"Forced consecrations out of another man's estate, are no better than forced vows—hateful to God, who loves a cheerful giver; but much more hateful, wrung out of mens' purses, to maintain a disapproved ministry against their conscience, however unholy, infamous and dishonorable to his ministry and the free gospel, maintained in such unworthy manner, by violence and extortion." But the English parson, on Irish soil, is externally a gentleman.

"The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,  
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth."

Perhaps I could not better conclude this delicate subject of Church of England taxation, than by leaving the reader to meditate on the above extracts. If he is an Irishman, he has been an eye-witness, a thousand times, to the scenes already described. If an impartial Englishman, candor will force him to agree with his illustrious countryman above quoted, and declare, in public and private, that it can be neither honest, religious, nor honorable, to tax the poor Catholics of Ireland, to support a Church, alike foreign to their creed and country. And should he be an



American, round whose heart the free blood of Washington circulates, I know he would sooner drink the very essence of hemlock, than be plundered by proctors, or forced to drink the best teas imported by England, should they but be subject, by tyrants, to one farthing's taxation. Reader, "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If you would prefer suffering if possible, a thousand deaths, rather than be bound by the tyranny of man to maintain unwillingly, the Catholic Church, or any other establishment, in the heart of your country; blame not the enslaved Irish Catholic for seeking an asylum for his children, under the stripes and stars of republican liberty. This is charity, honor, and christian benevolence. To leave man to his own free will,—to leave religion a subject between him and his Creator, and to leave every religious denomination to stand by its own resources, would prove both beneficial to man, and pleasing to God. That the Irish people have been denied these blessings at home—that they are insulted, down-trodden, plundered, and subject alike to civil and religious persecution—that they are sensible of their sufferings, indignant at slavery, and a liberty-loving people, impart sufficient information to any American who may hereafter ask—"WHAT BRINGS SO MANY IRISH TO AMERICA?"

"But admitting that the Irishman is pressed down with insufferable thralldom at home, what right has he to visit our free shores? What right has he to intrude on our country, narrow enough for ourselves, and snatch the bread from the hands of the native born? Are they not the very off-scouring of Europe—the basest scum of society, and the beggarly inmates of the British penitentiaries, that annually line our coasts, and contaminate our countrymen with their noxious habits? Ought we not, as true republicans, indemnify the liberty of our beloved country, and establish it on a firmer foundation, by laying a high tariff on the heads of all foreigners, and prolonging the naturalization laws to twenty-one years? Has not the Father of his country, George Washington, in his second presidential message to Congress, warned us against foreign influence,

and surely it is evident to the most ignorant politician in the land, that the whole drift of his counsel was directed against the ignorant Irish!" These, with a thousand other groundless interrogatories, and nonsensical evaporations, are asked by the pretended American Republican party, in their zeal to fortify and perpetuate unstained, the liberty for which their fathers fought and bled. The first proposed, with all succeeding, is clearly solved by the first sentence in that heavenly document, the Declaration of Independence, where, as if inscribed by the finger of the Divinity, it flashed conviction even on the tyrant brow of George the third, in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all mankind are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It is worthy the attention of men, that the committee appointed by the colonists to draft this declaration of the great revolutionary fathers, consisted of five men, whose names were eulogised, not only in America, but throughout Europe, for learning, patriotism and wisdom. Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, the five brightest stars in the constellation of liberty, shed a refulgence on the new world, that, like the pillar of fire, or the star that guided the eastern sages, illumines the pathway of the oppressed exile, from the Egypt of fetters, to "the Republic of freedom—the sanctuary of all persecuted." "*All men are created equal.*" So said Jefferson; and upon his copy of the declaration being read, he who bottled the lightnings of Heaven, and incarcerated them in his pocket, exhibited not the product of his own philosophic mind, but declared that Jefferson's writing was the suggestion of Heaven, and would live coeval to the magnanimity of man. Washington confirmed the opinion of Franklin, and thus was transmitted to posterity the best specimen of christian composition ever written by the pen of man. The whole world admire it, and view it as the pure emanation of a mind free and unprejudiced as the angels that surround the throne of God. Sixty-eight years has it been wor-



shipped in the temple of liberty, and men from all climes pronounced it the NOBLEST WORK OF THE NOBLEST MEN. But within the last two years a defect is discovered, which escaped the wisdom of *Washington*, the philosophy of *Franklin*, and the democracy of *Jefferson*. A flaw is found out. By whom? By some learned master-spirit of the age? By some time-honored hero, whose brows are decked with the laurels of his country's victory? No, gentle reader; but by the church-burning rowdies of Philadelphia, and the beardless fanatics of New York. They have discovered more than the foreigner Columbus, that discovered America, and laid it open to the world. But do you ask what is this great development of the human mind, that in the nineteenth century flashes its corruscations round the butchers' stalls, and gambling porter houses of these two cities? Oh! it is that *Washington*, and *Franklin*, and *Jefferson*, and *Sherman*, and *Livingston*, and *Charles Thomson*, and *Charles Carrol*, and ALL the members of the Continental Congress, were more ignorant than mankind imagine, when they approved of, and signed the declaration of American independence. Who can prove them so? Why, there are George Shiffler, Lewis Grible, and Joseph Cox, of Philadelphia, and John Drake, William Duck, and Simon Gander, of New York, and an infinite number of other talented young gentlemen, who are prepared to prove, both in public and private, that it is a base, grovelling assertion, unbecoming a true native American, to say that all mankind are created equal, and should be entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

“What! Irishmen entitled to liberty? What have they done to entitle them to any thing? Why, every good American ought to put his shoulder to the wheel, and blast them from the earth, rather than leave them either life, liberty, or happiness, while crowding us from our homes, and defeating us at the ballot-box. *Washington* is famed for freeing our land, and others for drafting our constitution; but we maintain that their names would be more revered by mankind, particularly by every “Native

American," had they pronounced it penal for the most persecuted foreigner to land on our shores. At any rate, the days of grace designed by these men are passed. It is now high time that we proscribe all men not born within the limits of the United States. As the first step towards the accomplishment of this, our purpose, we elected his honor Mayor *Harper*, last spring, which serves as a good foundation for indiscriminate proscription. To work, Natives! We shall rend the old constitution as Samson rent the lion—patch up anew one of our own, that will answer our views in every respect; enact our own laws; keep all the offices, or flesh-pots, to ourselves; make foreigners slaves twenty-one years, or drive them back to the pitch-caps, gibbets, triangles, and racks of the tyranny they abandoned. We will even do more than all this, if we elect Harper a second time, next spring."

That this is the true spirit of the misnamed Native Party, no intelligent American will deny. The Irishman is branded, and singled out as the object of all their fury. At him alone is levelled the great pop-gun of their ill-founded spleen, charged by Mr. Quackenboss with something heavier than snipe-shot. Had all Americans been "*Natives*," there could have been no salvation for the Irishman; but to their eternal honour be it said, he finds every true American a true friend. Could his vote be only purchased by the "men of Hartford," he would then be deemed a useful citizen, an honest man; but thank heaven, there are very few Irishmen so ignorant as to rivet the chains in America, that bound them so long in Ireland.

They may spout their rancorous spleen through the lying columns of their sullied penny sheets, but the Irishman can stand in the presence of nineteen millions and challenge them to record the name of a foreigner that ever raised his right hand to strike a single blow against the liberty of his adopted country.

The "*Native*," standing in the centre of *five millions one hundred thousand square acres* of free land, says to the poor exile cast on his shore by the raging waves of the Atlantic: "See here, foreigner! what the d—l brought you



here? Pick yourself up quick as a lightning flash, and steer your passage home again. This country is too limited for myself, without the intrusion of all the outcasts from all Europe. The time is mingled with the past, when such as you might find protection under the banner of freedom: another race is now sprung up, who are determined to benefit by their FATHERS' foolishness, and keep all America to themselves. If you were wise enough to come over and be born here, you might participate in our blessings; but since you had chosen another country for your birth-place, go back speedily as possible, and smart forever under the kingly misrule of the old world."

But, says the foreigner, what matters it where a man is born, provided he is a good man? Rest assured, friend, that during the nine months I lived in my mother's womb, I was not statesman sufficiently learned to look so far into futurity as to advise my mother to have me born in America, that I might enjoy the blessings and inherit the birth-right of a free land. I know not how wise and learned American babies generally are, when introduced into the world; but believe me, an Irish child even a month old, is unable to take care of itself. It was not before I grew into my "teens," that I understood I was born in the wrong place. The only way then left by which I could better my condition, was to accept the liberal invitation of the learned American statesmen, who declared that, in common with mankind, I was entitled to the "PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS." I never dreamed there were such bigots as you in America, as in all parts of the world it is emphatically styled:

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Now, sir, it seems to me that birth-place neither qualifies nor disqualifies any man. I thought all the Earth was made by the same over-ruling power, and that, save the Garden of Eden, it was all alike—made out of nothing. As there was no difference in the material from which it was formed, there can be no difference in the inhabitants. Our divine Saviour was born in a stable; yet he was the God of Nature, more powerful than any emperor born in

the palace of the Cæsars. Could it make man more perfect to be born in America, than in any other corner of the world, it appears very strange that the exterminating angel did not conduct Adam and Eve from the gate of Paradise to Cape Cod, and there ordain for the benefit of mankind, that all their children should be born "Natives." But it was not previous to 1492, that the old cursed Catholic foreigner COLUMBUS (for cursed he must be, as he was a Catholic) found it in the peaceable possession of *Natives* whose complexion and clemency differ materially from that of all our "modern Natives."

The procrastination of the discovery to such a late period, mankind regard as the wisdom of the all-seeing Deity, who left it an unknown resting place, until the whole world was over-run with the tyranny of wicked and oppressive men. In 1620, the Pilgrims from England, or foreigners forced then by the same oppression that I so fortunately escaped in 1844, landed in a cold December, on the rocks of Plymouth, and were greeted by the forest savages with language somewhat milder and far more merciful than that which thunders in my ears from a *Christian* "*Native*" of the nineteenth century. Those ALL AMERICANS call fathers, but if all Americans are "Natives," I leave yourself to judge the degenerated morals of their proscribing children. They, up to that blest epoch 1776, stretched out the right hand of fellowship and brotherly love to the friendless exile, and bade him a thousand welcomes from the persecution of old England. Had they been such "Natives" as the followers of Quackenboss, we could have no American independence, as *George Washington's* grand-father was an Englishman, too noble-minded to stoop to the slavery of twenty-one years, and consequently the American Cincinnatus could never have been a Native of Virginia, or the great instrument in the hand of Heaven, to emancipate nineteen millions. Had these nineteen millions, made free by Washington, but been enveloped in a dense cloud of superstition like the heathen Romans, and believed that the gods were their sires, that they were too celestial to be descended of foreigners; and that they established their independence



without mortal aid, *no man* could then blame them to lock up their liberty, keep all offices to themselves, and say to the weary exile—"Go thy way, *I know thee not.*" But the American historian faithful to his trust, has written in indelible characters on the hearts of Americans, that men of *all climes*, and of *all creeds*, battled under Washington, until liberty was gained, when the tyrant fell at YORKTOWN. He blushed not to write, that three commissioners, Dr. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, were sent by Congress to France, in 1777, to solicit foreign assistance, and that the *philosopher*, with honorable candor, confessed, that so destitute of funds were the Americans, after the disasters which preceded the battle at Trenton, that they were unable to provide for the passage of the young Marquis de La Fayette across the ocean.

"If your country," replied the gallant foreigner, "is indeed reduced to this extremity, it is at this moment that my departure to join her armies will render her the most essential service." Shade of a Washington! dost thou will that the children of such foreigners should be vassals in a land, where their fathers' blood, at thy very side, paid the ransom of their liberty? Oh! Washington would blush at the ingratitude of such a "native":

"When ingratitude,  
That sin of cowards, once takes root, a thousand  
Base grov'ling crimes cling round its monst'rous growth,  
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenness."

And was he the only foreigner that stood by Washington in the darkest days of his seven years' struggle? Answer history! thou faithful, thou impartial recorder of heroic achievements! Exhibit in emblazoned letters, to the bigots' sight, the names of those who shed a blaze of refulgence on the escutcheon of America, too dazzling to be darkened by the gloom of intolerance, too glorious to be forgotten while freedom finds worshippers—while time continues his long rounds of duration.

Ah! History speaks!! The name of a DeKalb, the brave, the patriotic *Dutchman*, falls from her lips! Hear her, thou selfish "Native;" thou who deemest the Earth

too narrow for thy foot-pace, and the Heavens too low for thy sordid expectations! She tells thee that the foreigner DeKalb pierced with his sword the kingly palladium, when Charlestown blazed by the torch of the tyrant, when free wives and fair daughters were branded as slaves. Aye! and where was Kosiusco, the *pride*, the *bulwark*, of subjugated Poland? Did he not crimson his blade in the heart's blood of lordlings, and raise liberty's banner to float on the breeze? Albeit he was a foreigner, his arm was powerful, and Washington bore witness, he struck as a *warrior*, a *warrior's* blow. But what of insulted Ireland! Was she in '76, as in '44, "the land of cowardly Irishmen?" Was she as a "Native" of Piermont, Rockland county, calls her, the "home of brutes, too ignorant to be free, but fit to live in chains?" Are the words of the Hartford tory credible, or wilt thou, History, stamp the lie on *this* barefaced slanderer, whose mother dipped him Achilles-like to the very heel in the pool of scandal, and taught his three-forked tongue to lisp in obloquy, prejudice, and falsehoods? Answer impartially, that mankind may judge, whether Irishmen, and Irishmen's sons, were slumbering, while Americans were combatting to obtain their independence.

Who was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and what service rendered he to his country? History: He was the grandson of an Irishman, a Catholic by Religion. He not only signed his name to the Declaration of Independence, but the very place of his habitation, where the tyrant might find him, should he dare pay him a visit.

Who was Charles Thomson, or lived there such a man in the days of the Revolution? History: Charles Thomson, confidential secretary to the Continental Congress, who was appointed the delegate to announce to General George Washington, then like the Roman Cincinnatus, enjoying his rural felicity, that he was the unanimous choice of a free people, to be first President of the land he made free, was an IRISHMAN, born in Ireland in 1730, and was eleven years old when he emigrated to Pennsylvania. Although, in the "Native's" language "a brute," both by birth and nature, the fathers of this great Republic, during fifteen



years, confided to him the very secrets of their souls, until at the expiration of that time, directed by the instinct of an "Irish brute," he resigned his honorable office, and never turned ARNOLD to his country. I would judge the fathers that invested in him this large amount of confidence, almost as patriotic as the abject "Native" of Rockland county. "Te judice."

Who was General George Clinton, President of the State convention which met to deliberate on the present constitution of the Union, and who was five times elected governor of his native State? History: He was the son of an Irishman, was born in Ulster county, July 26, 1739, and died at Washington, April 20, 1812. Though a half brute by the contemptible "Native's" language, he bravely defended Fort Montgomery with a small band of warm-hearted Americans, against the superior forces of British adversaries.

Who was George Bryan, governor of Pennsylvania, who in 1765 so powerfully declaimed against the wanton aggressions of the British rulers; who was elected Vice President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and who afterwards forced his way through columns of red-coats, in his march to the temple of liberty? History: He was an Irishman by birth, born in the city of Dublin, an avowed enemy to George III,—a warm, unvacillating friend to the Continental Congress. He served his adopted country as a faithful servant, and in 1791 took his passage for eternity, as all "brutes" must.

Who was Major General Anthony Wayne, so distinguished in the wars of his country, and so esteemed by the founders of liberty? History: He was an Irishman's son. In 1775 he raised a regiment of volunteers to devote their lives to their country's cause, and oppose the power of the Saxon tyrant. By the concurring voice of freemen, he was elected their Colonel, had a commission from Congress in 1776, commanded a division of the army at the battle of Brandywine, and proved himself "a half brute" worthy the applause of freemen. In 1775, he accompanied General Thomson into Canada, where he entered his claim for the

name hero, by offering a libation of his blood to the genius of liberty. In 1776, he served under General Gates at Ticonderoga, and received the cordial thanks and warmest approbation of his skillful commander. He was presented with a gold medal and a fruitful farm, by Congress, as a token of sincere gratitude and felt acknowledgment, for the essential services he bestowed their struggling country. When he thought he received a mortal wound, as he made an attack on Stony Point, in July, 1769, his only request was, that his soldiers should carry him within the works which he so bravely defended. This brave Irishman's son died in 1796, and was interred on the margin of Lake Erie; but in October, 1809, removed to Rodner Church, Chester county, Pennsylvania. Should it so happen that the "Native of Rockland county" at any future time pass that way, it will open the eyes of a child of the tory convention to see the towering monument that perpetuates to posterity the appreciated virtues of *"half an Irish brute."*

Who was George Taylor, delegated by Pennsylvania to swell the number of conscript fathers assembled at Philadelphia to denounce the tyranny of the old world, and build up a Republic in which man might stand erect, the image of his God? History: He was born in Ireland in 1716. Poor as Benjamin Franklin, he landed at Philadelphia; but unlike the tory "Native," were the illustrious founders of the commonwealth, as they never, in all their writings, deemed poverty a crime. He signed his name to the eternal document, and the name of George Taylor sounded as powerful before the blood-stained throne of England, and was read with as much delight by the Father of his country, GEORGE WASHINGTON, as though he were no Irishman. Having rendered his name immortal among the fifty-six signers, he died at Easton, February 22, 1781, and was buried with all the honours of what the "Native" calls an "Irish brute."

Who was Colonel James Smith, a lawyer by profession, a member of the Revolutionary Congress, a Colonel in its armies, one of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most strenuous supporters



Republic? History: He was born in Ireland, came to America with his father, who settled on the banks of the Susquehanna. He it was who organized the first company of volunteers in Pennsylvania, who were the nucleus of that band of devoted heroes, known to the world as the Pennsylvania line. These were 20,000 in number, mostly Irishmen, and Irishmen's sons, and the majority of them Catholics, banished by the misrule of English Tories; but they showed no disposition to betray the country, or deliver it into the hands of the king of England, or the "Pope of Rome." They knew they never could have a better opportunity to strike for the accumulated wrongs of poor Ireland, than by fighting bravely for the liberty of the Western world. On the 2d of March, 1781, they refused to fight, unless Congress would redress their wants, by affording them food and clothing. Lord Howe, like the "upstart Natives" of '44, ignorant of the fidelity of Irishmen in a sacred cause, sent agents laden with gold and purple garments, to seduce them from their duty; but they, by the patriotism of foreigners, like Andrew at Tappen, died a death more lofty than honorable. Wonder what the chicken-hearted "Native" would think, had he seen the "*Irish brutes*" delivering up the Saxon spies, to die for their deeds of villainy!!

Who was Colonel Isaac Barre, a member of the English House of Parliament, when the courtiers of a despot undertook to subject the Colonists to a species of taxation, only equaled in the annals of Nations by that already described, which enslaves nine millions in their own once-happy home? History: He was the son of very poor Irish parents, and was born in Dublin, in 1726. At an early period in life, he thirsted for military honors, and chose the army for his profession.

Had he lived in the days of our patriotic "Natives," they would doubtless deem it an act of charity to stone him to death, rather than let such a poor Irishman breathe the vital air of Heaven; but, bad as are the laws of England, he was permitted to live, until in 1761 he was elected member of Parliament, and proved himself a useful mem-

ber to the American Colonists. During his session in Parliament, the British Ministers introduced several demoralizing acts, calculated to enslave and rob the Americans, among which were two, by which duties would be imposed on teas and stamp-paper; that is to say, no love-letter could be binding to a young lover, or cup of tea sweet to the palate of an elderly lady, unless two pence be paid to his Majesty George III, for stamping his head on the one, and breathing his will on the other. It would be a work of supererogation, to offer a single remark on the impossibility of his Majesty to subsidize men so noble; as the most superficial reader is aware, that love-letters still go for the postage, and that, instead of the old ladies, the fishes at Boston harbor enjoyed the delicate flavor of the Saxon teas. When the bill was laid before Parliament in 1765, an Englishman was its advocate,—an Irishman its most strenuous opposer. At the conclusion of an animated speech, delivered by the Englishman, Charles Townshend, he demanded:—"And these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms, until they are grown to a good degree of strength and opulence, will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy load of National expense which we lie under?" Colonel Barre, *the Irishman*, immediately rising, indignantly and eloquently exclaimed:—"Children planted by your care? No! your oppression planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny, into a then uncultivated land, where they were exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say the most terrible that ever inhabited any part of God's earth. And yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all these hardships with pleasure, when they compared them with those they suffered in their own country, from men who should have been their friends.

"*They nourished by your indulgence!*" No! they grew by your neglect. When you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over



them, who were the deputies of some deputy, sent to spy out their liberty, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them : whose behavior on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them ; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some of whom were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of justice in their own.

*"They protected by your arms !"* They have nobly taken up arms in your defence. They have exerted their valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country, which, while its frontier was drenched in blood, has yielded all its little savings to your emolument. Believe me, and remember I this day told you so, the same spirit which actuated that people at first, still continues with them, but prudence forbids me to explain myself further.

"God knows I do not at this time speak from party heat. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience any one here may be, I claim to know more of America, having been conversant in that country. The people there are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has, but they are a people jealous of their liberties, and will vindicate them if they should be violated. But the subject is delicate ; I will say no more."

*Queries to the Proscribing "Native."*

"Which of these men, thinkest thou, was neighbor to him who fell among thieves ?" Remember, the Englishman expostulated that Americans should wear eternally the mortifying chains of kingly sway,—the Irishman, or "brute" as thou wouldst name him, exhausted his lungs in support of Colonial liberty. Methinks, friend "Native," that hadst thou but heard him declaiming for the freedom of "Natives," thou wouldst, if possible, rest from thy habitual slander, and pronounce Colonel Barre at least a more eloquent "brute" than yourself, or Balaam's Ass.

Who was that soul-moving youth, Patrick Henry, who so nobly animated his countrymen to deeds of resistance, when the clangour of British chains was borne in the northern breeze, and the blood of freemen was shed at

Concord, as the earliest seed of American liberty? History: He was an Irishman's son, born in Virginia, and was member of the General Assembly of that State, when the news arrived from Great Britain that the Colonies were taxed in England, without a solitary Representative from America in the British Parliament. The "Native" himself, opposed as he is to granting any honor to poor Ireland, must by necessity admit, that this brilliant and powerful young orator was born of Irish parents, from the convincing fact that the "Natives" would rather consign him to the waters of the Hudson, than condescend to name him PATRICK. However, nothing degenerated by the name, he publicly denied the validity of the bill, as passed in England; offered five resolutions in the House of Assembly, which all true republicans admit to be the five pedestals, upon which the temple of liberty is erected. He proved himself the prince of patriots, and American Demosthenes, who by his

" Resistless eloquence,  
Wielded at will the fierce democracy;  
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,  
To Macedon—and Artaxerxes throne."

He it was who, clothed in the majesty of man, standing on the green earth as his heritage, with the azure vault of Heaven above him, exclaimed, in the very face of the Tyrant,—



" Give me liberty, or give me death."

Who was Robert Fulton, the ingenious fabricator of the first steam-boat ever launched on the waters of the world? Had he any of this "foreign blood," which clogs the energies of the soul, stupifies the brain, and so depreciates the whole human frame, that it appears as the corse of "a brute" in the estimation of our rowdy "Natives?" History: He was the son of a most impoverished Irish laborer. His father must be considered as a component part of what the church-burners denominate the offscouring of Europe. A needy exile, he sought refuge from the oppression of despots, and like the pilgrims of the seventeenth century, found America a resting place from the buffeting tempests



of lordly persecution. Robert, the great benefactor of mankind, was born at Little Britain, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, A. D. 1765, and in 1786 took his passage for Europe, being then 21 years of age, commonly called by American youth the golden age of liberty. During his residence in England, he stopped in the house of Benjamin West, the celebrated American painter. In 1794 he received several patents for his superior skill in landscape painting,—removed to Paris in 1796, and there studied the European languages. There, on the river Seine, he undertook the erection of the first steamboat ever propelled by fire and smoke, and was successful in his third attempt. In 1806 he returned to New York, built and navigated on the waters of the Hudson two steam-boats, of considerable dimensions, and lastly a frigate, which bore his own *immortal name*. To the acknowledged loss of the world, he died at New York, February 23, 1815, in the 44th year of his age. There is not a steamer that cleaves the surges of the mighty world of waters, but seems a moving monument of his super-human wisdom, and imparts this salutary lesson to the near-sighted bigots of New York and Philadelphia:—"Before you undertake to restrict foreign emigration, cancel from the archives of your National glory, the name of this poor Irishman's son,—he who demonstrated himself the master-spirit of the present age—the builder of your first and boasted steam-boats,—the sage, Heaven-inspired, never to be forgotten—ROBERT FULTON.

Who was Brigadier General Montgomery, who was the favorite selection of George Washington, to command one of the two expeditions against Canada, and to raise to the breeze of Heaven the standard of liberty, in the common centre of the British dominions? History: He was born in Ireland, was a young officer of the most resplendent talents, and heroic valor. He, and General Schuyler of New York, were the two commissioned by the Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces, to carry the war to the threshold of the tyrant, and Leonides-like, to deal out an unsparing sample of American bravery, under

the very fortifications of king-trodden Québec. So few were the "Natives" in those days, and so imperfectly known was the hellish hydra, local prejudice, that the illustrious Colonel Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, he whom the plundered gold of all England could not tempt, held a commission under that YOUNG IRISHMAN, RICHARD MONTGOMERY.  They were all Americans, and the best sort, that followed him through his brilliant victories.  When summoned by *amor patriæ* to confront the death-dealing mouth of the British cannon, his last parting words to his young, amiable wife, were—"You shall never blush for your Montgomery." His first irresistible attack was on "St. Johns," a neat little village on the river Sorel, where he appeared a foreigner, hostile to tyrants,—like so many hedge-sparrows, at the terrible appearance of a voracious hawk, they fled at his approach. He, to be avenged on the British for the capture of his dear companion, Colonel Allen, on the first of November commenced a heavy cannonade of the enemy's works, which was continued without intermission, during the whole day. At twilight, he sent out one of the British prisoners, whom he had in custody, to demand the surrender of the fort in the name of the Continental Congress, which by the by, although he was one of the "off-scouring" of Europe, was speedily complied with; for by this time it was discovered that an Irishman's shot found the way through many a red coat. Soon after the surrender of "St. Johns," he appeared before the walls of Montreal. His first proclamation on entering the city was, that the property, rights and religion of every individual should be respected. How unlike Cromwell at Drogheda, and the "Natives" in Philadelphia, was this christian manifesto of the meek and lion-hearted Montgomery! On the first day of December he arrived at Québec, where the soldiers of Arnold, debilitated by hunger, cold and nakedness, having, like Hannibal of old, traversed regions unmarked before by the foot-prints of civilized man, awaited impatiently their long expected deliverer. The acclamations of the sufferers rent the Heavens,—their hardships were ended—Montgomery had



arrived. Clothing and provisions, of which he had an abundant supply, soon resuscitated their drooping spirits—re-animated them to their wonted courage, and in the meeting of their friends and dear companions in arms, they soon forgot the biting frosts and dreary swamps of the unbroken deserts of Maine. But often Empires crumble by a moment's destiny, and so fell the brave Montgomery, on the high-way to glory and liberty. His patriotic blood saturated the roots of freedom—his name is embalmed in the shrine of American gratitude—his heroic deeds are deeply inscribed on the hearts of freedom's worshippers. He died, but his memory is immortal. Sooner shall the stars be blotted from Heaven's concave, than *Montgomery* from the souls of freemen. As the deadly cannon proclaimed his doom, and as his eyes were swimming in the shades of eternity, knowing he was about to bid an everlasting farewell to the land he loved next to Heaven, he expired in the dignity of a warrior, repeating the words of unconquered Cato—"WHAT A PITY IS IT THAT WE CAN SERVE OUR COUNTRY BUT ONCE." What "Native" ever died a more glorious death!! In 1818, New York, his adopted State, removed his remains from Quebec to its metropolis—reburied them under St. Paul's Church, Broadway—built a monument to this Irishman's memory, bearing the following inscription—"This monument is erected by order of Congress, 25th January, 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct, enterprise and perseverance of Major General Richard Montgomery, who, after a series of successes, amidst the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack on Quebec, 31st December, 1774, aged 37 years."

Who was the hero, of the Hermitage, whose giant arm defended American honor,—protected the fair ones of New Orleans,—crimsoned the mighty Mississippi with the blood of usurpers, and strewn their bones upon its banks, like shells upon the sea-shore? History: Both his parents were born in Ireland. Like all other exiles, the lash of the lawless despot forced them from their home. Casting a fond look back on the last perceptible portion of his dear

Erin, and bidding an unwilling adieu to that green, blest land, "where many a saint and many a hero trod," the age-worn father implored Heaven that from his bones might arise an avenging warrior, who firmly believing in "*lex talionis*," would one day pay back, in his own coin, and with compound interest, the enslaving tyrant that doomed him a mourning exile forever from his home. Need I say that Heaven heard his prayer? As a presage of his future greatness, his son, Andrew Jackson, was born on the very boundary of freedom. From his birth-place he took, as through a mirror, a retrospective view of the wrongs of ages; and growing, in herculean might, made a solemn vow to the God of Justice, that his father's persecution, inseparable as his soul and body till death, would stick to his memory, till thousands of tyrants should fall by his hand. In 1815 his protestation was realized. The same oppressor of his father's land made war against the beautiful ladies of New Orleans. With brutality, becoming a Vandal, a Goth, or an Ostrogoth, appeared Edward Pakenham, the boast of England, who, confident of capturing one of the most opulent cities of America, regardless of religion and christian deportment, as a stimulus to the hireling soldiers, gave as a countersign—"booty and beauty." But little did the tyrant know, that the son of a poor Irish exile would be the slayer of the famed Pakenham, who, under Wellington, reaped laurels of victory at the bloody carnage of Waterloo. Ah! gladly would old England have remunerated the father of Jackson, to have stopped at home, had she but anticipated that he could ever have raised a son in the new world so warlike as "old hickory." Jackson was too much an Irishman to desert the cause of the fair sex. The 8th of January manifested to the world a spirit for liberty, and "an Irishman's heart for the ladies." Then it was, that he raised his conquering sword, and struck for freedom, beauty, and vengeance. Then it was that he curbed for ever the insolence of the tyrant, and rescued from premeditated violation the devoted daughters of Columbia. The long wished for day of retribution arrived, when Jackson performed his vows, by the immola-



tion of 7000 on the altar of liberty, to appease the manes of his once insulted sire. A native of the old federal school, adverting to the victory of this brave old warrior, with unblushing audacity dared pronounce him "a profane old wretch." Well, if it be profanity to humble tyrannical England with cotton bags,—to slay thousands to defend American ladies,—and to raise the eagle of Washington to the stars of Heaven, may we know no creed but that of the unswerving, patriotic General, Andrew Jackson.

"Hail, mighty chief, thy foes must ever yield,  
Thou'rt great in counsel, mighty in the field;  
'The pride of Britain were, in martial bloom,  
By thee sent headlong to a bloody tomb."

'That poor Ireland was not slumbering, during the seven years that tried the souls of heroes, is obviously authenticated by the unsullied pages of American history. That the records of fame are replete with the names of exiles and their sons, occupying, among Americans, the van in danger's ranks, where—

"Fire to fire, flint to flint, and to outface  
The brow of bragging horror,—"

'They fought the battles of their adopted country, none but "Natives" can deny. Arnold was no Irishman! No church-burning "native" of Philadelphia, or vile slanderer of Rockland county, was more a "native" than he; yet his birth-place availed him very little, when he undertook to betray the liberty of his native country into the hands of a despot, and leave posterity forever writhing in the chains of a foreign king. And should the same invidious foe a third time block up our harbours and sea-port cities, the true American would find the greater number of Arnolds among our boisterous "Natives." These loud-mouthed demagogues, in whose wardrobes may yet be found the red-coats imported from Nova Scotia, would follow in the footsteps of their fathers—grasp the enslaver's bribe, and a second time pitch their camp on the same old tory-neutral ground.

As many such "natives" as would reach from here to the out-skirts of eternity, would not make one American like George Washington. "Washington's name, says Napoleon,

shall live in the hearts of his countrymen, when mine shall perish in the vortex of revolutions." Is this the George Washington, that the "Natives" say so much, resembled themselves in his hatred to Irish Catholics? Is he the identical Washington, who in his message to Congress, already alluded to, commanded the sacrilegious "Natives" of Philadelphia to beware of the Irish Catholic laborers, to raze to the dust the churches erected by the sweat of their brow, and force the emblem of the cross, upon which the Redeemer bled, to fall at the feet of "Natives"? Yes, he is the same heaven-inspired Washington, beloved by the world, and only belied by his church-burning "Natives." He never *burned* a church, he never *broke* a cross, he never *demolished* an altar, and he never *robbed* a sanctuary. Appointed by Heaven to found a Republic, he laid the cornerstone on religious toleration, knowing by the history of crumbled kingdoms and empires, that human blood is the wrong cement for the temple of liberty. The portion of his message which relates to foreign influence, and which appears a huge bug-bear to the over-zealous "Natives," I cheerfully present to the world, that the poor Irish Catholic may see the tens of thousands of places, where Washington designates him as the great rock in the ocean of politics, against which the ship of state, under full sail, will be shattered into fragments. The following is a true copy, word for word, as penned by the father of his country.

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no great distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it. Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment



which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

“ In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation that indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray, from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion, what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility, instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations, has been the victim.

“ So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another, produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favourite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into the one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favourite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote

themselves to the favourite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference to public opinion, or a laudable zeal for the public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

“As the avenue to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attainments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satelite of the latter.

“Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of a Republican government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate, to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while the tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests.

“The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in very frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be un-



wise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

“Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected. When belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

“Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour or caprice?

“It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it, for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public, than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let these engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

“Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

“Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed in order to give trade a staple course, to define the

rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly for one nation to look for disinterested favours from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favours from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

“In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong impression I could wish: that they will control the usual current of passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good, that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompence for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.”

Here is every syllable of Washington's speech, as regards foreign influence, and surely he must be a thorough-bred “native,” who can discover one phrase in the whole against an Irishman or an Irish Catholic. The reader will clearly perceive that the great Patriot warned his countrymen against the baneful rock of foreign alliance, upon which ill-fated Ireland was ship-wrecked in 1800, when she formed a union with treacherous England. “Europe,” says the great statesman, “has a set of primary interests, which to us have no, or a very remote relation.” This was precisely the case with England, when Ireland was forced, under bribery, corruption, and martial law, to form



with her a union. Ireland owed a national debt of twenty millions of pounds, England at the same time owed four hundred and twenty millions. Could the Irish benefit by Washington's counsel to his countrymen, they would ever leave England responsible for all her primary contracts. Tyrannical England, by kicking up a row with all nations, became an insolvent debtor to all her creditors, when Ireland, who at all times cultivated peace with the world, was forced by the foul-dealing union, to be equally implicated in all her debts and calamities. This is obviously the kind of foolish alliance with foreign nations, against which Washington admonished all true-hearted Americans. By the present existing union between England and her sister country, the former may make as many absurd stipulations as her prodigality may lead her to, and then call upon the latter, who had neither act, part nor knowledge of the transactions, to pay one half of all. Even the thousands of pounds distributed by the lovely Victoria, and her idol Albert last summer at the palace of the Belgian king, and "round the world for sport," though the regal pair alone enjoyed the pleasure, received the thanks, and kindest acknowledgments of the enriched recipients, yet Ireland, as linked to her sister country, is bound to pay her part.

In warning Americans against the wiles of foreign influence Washington distinguished himself, no less a patriot than a statesman. All Republics should rest independent on their own basis, and their citizens should ever be vigilant lest any external machinations should deceive or overwhelm them. But it should be borne in mind that they were Americans, English, Irish, Scotch, French, Germans, and men from all nations, that constituted the population whom Washington addressed. He could not, therefore, have meant that any body of foreigners, amalgamated with Americans, and whose best interests are interwoven with their, who swear eternal hatred to the land they left behind, and unswerving fidelity to their adopted country, could ever carry with them the elements of destruction to a land, made free by the noble-minded FOREIGN and NATIVE patriots. It is not a poor oppressed body of foreign emigrants

Washington had in contemplation when he advised his countrymen to beware of foreign influence, but of the imprudent and injudicious junction of their dear-bought Republic with the destinies of European kingdoms, that while they may appear flourishing and impregnable at a distance, may be tottering on the brink of inevitable ruin. Nor could such a man ever have tolerated the "Native" spirit, as appears from his reiterated exhortations that Americans respect not one nation more than another. "Nothing," he says, in the above quotation from his address, "is more essential for our national prosperity, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated." Whence, then, this black, malignant feeling against the Irish? Why are they thus detested by the "Natives," and singled out the particular object at whom all the poisoned arrows of their invectives and ill-founded prejudice are leveled and discharged?

Why do we see the smoke of their burning churches rise like incense to the throne of heaven, their altars—aye, the very graves of the dead ransacked, and the black ruins left as if to mock in the face of England, the liberty of famed America? Impartial jealousy of all nations, was Washington's counsel; but the watchword of "Natives" is to hate the Irish, as if they were traitors in the struggle for independence. Why is this? Is it because the Irishman loses not as much of the sweat of his brow, for his daily bread, as any other man, and is not as strict an observer of the laws and institutions of the land in which he gains a livelihood? No! Such are not the causes of the opposition which he finds from the "Natives." But disguise it as they may, it is more a religious than a political question. The pool of bigotry is raked up from the lowest depths, by the nicknamed "Native".—The Irishman's church blazes because he dares be a Catholic. This is what may truly be called plucking off the right wing of the eagle of liberty. Civil and religious liberty are the powerful pinions upon which she soars. The stronger of these is disabled



by the "Native," and consequently the bird of freedom, instead of gazing at the blazing sun in the highest firmament, must fall and flutter at the feet of "Natives." No bird can rise high on one wing. Let these pretended Americans but blot out from the American Constitution religious liberty, and the world may behold an aristocracy, vile and detestable as that which cast the 'Pilgrims' on the icy rocks of Plymouth.

"If we remain one people under an efficient government, says Washington, the period is not far distant when we may defy material injury from external annoyances." His prophecy, by the spirit of union which bound freemen together sixty-eight years, is now fully accomplished. But whom did he say should remain one people? American citizens, native and adopted. It is an adage worthy of remembrance, for it is ancient as true, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." While the inhabitants of Columbia live united, and acknowledge but one common interest, the perpetuity of the freedom for which their fathers bled, they may ever proudly defy the encroachment of the tyrant, foreign or domestic. But should it ever happen, (and may God in his mercy avert the calamity!) that they by party or sectional feuds among themselves, debilitate each other's strength, the watchful and designing foe may pounce upon the prey, in contention for which, like the fabled lion and tiger, they exhausted each other's power, and rendered themselves too feeble to defend the prize for which they so spitefully contended.

It seems to me that the God of impartial justice could not more conspicuously inculcate the spirit of unity by which Americans should be consolidated, than in the sage words which flowed from the lips of Washington. Nor could a prophet of the old law prognosticate more accurately the evils likely to accrue from an opposite course, than he in following words:

"A hatred of one nation, more than another, gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favourite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium,

sometimes even with popularity ; gilding with the appearance of a virtuous scene of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation."

What American reading this extract, that will not perceive that great Washington, in the golden age of the republic, anticipated the brawling "Natives" of '44 ! But admitting that fanaticism may one day overwhelm the only free resting-place of man, and that "Natives" may possibly subvert the liberty of millions, to gratify their own sordid interests, let us ask how long could such a maimed government stand, on the prop of this "Native Americanism ?" The influx of foreigners is immense, and the land to which they come fruitful and extensive. Admitting as the organ of the "Natives" states, that tens of thousands of foreign paupers annually crowd our shores it is a fact too well known, that paupers make as good food for British cannon, as any silk-stocking gentlemen that line our theatres, and parade the Bowery and Broadway. Have not 1776, and 1812, proved to Great Britain that a cannon ball as quickly perforated the superfine red coats of British officers, as the home-spun kersey of a Yankee farmer. If bullets then, serve alike the pauper and the gentleman, the poor foreigner may again be useful, when his country needs his services. The average age at which foreigners arrive in this country, is about forty years. Tens of thousands of them every year escape the tyranny of their native soil, and enlist in the glorious ranks of freemen. Now, allowing for a moment that the over-reaching "Natives" can so alter the American laws, as to require an actual residence of twenty-one years of all emigrants in the land, before they can exercise the rights of franchisement, What will be the natural result ? Twenty-one multiplied by ten thousand, the supposed annual increase to our population, will amount to the considerable sum of 210,000. Now suppose twenty years after the arrival of the first ten thousand of these foreigners, the kingly powers of Europe should combine to conquer America, would not the "Na-



tives" desire to raise as large a multitude of militia as possible, to confront face to face, and bayonet to bayonet, the European tyrants? The motto of the "Natives" in '44, be it remembered, is, "Native Americans are competent to make and administer their own laws."

The number of foreigners proscribed during these twenty years, by the above calculation, would be 200,000. These, the most bigoted "Native" must acknowledge, would be no small acquisition to the American forces. When called upon to defend the eagle of liberty, would they not be perfectly justified, to retort on the "Natives," and say:—"If Native Americans are competent to make and administer their own laws, to the exclusion of all foreigners, they should likewise be able to fight their own battles?" When Washington freed this land, and laid it open to the world, as a condigned reward to foreigners who bled by his side, he decreed that the short period of two years was sufficiently long for the probation of foreigners, at the expiration of which they should be entitled to citizenship, and identified with native-born Americans. As he prevented no true-hearted patriot from fighting his battles, he deprived no man of his liberty. But you PRETENDED natives, the walls of Jericho being levelled, bound us involuntary slaves, while the land of promise was flowing with milk and honey. You deemed us too contemptible to be sharers in your blessings; now, when danger surrounds you on all sides, we deem ourselves too insulted to fight your bloody battles. "Natives," confront the foe, and we'll keep tally. But should this great number of proscribed foreigners be unmindful of the insults they received at the hands of "Natives"; should they, like the Roman Camillus, bury in *oblivion* the unpardonable wrongs inflicted by a lawless and misguided party, and as all patriots should do, espouse the cause of "equal liberty to all," what would be the worth of such superannuated men in battle? The meridian of their life is spent in bondage. They were forty when they landed, and twenty being added, make up the silvery old age of sixty. At this evening of life, a wise man ought rather be preparing for eternity, than old Priam-like, in-

vesting himself in arms, and hurling his imbecile weapons against the mail-clad warriors of younger days. By such "Native" logic, a man must live twenty-one years a slave, but when about to die, at the age of three score, he may then declare his intention, when the "Natives" will hand him his first and last paper, which will serve as freedom's passport to the gates of Heaven. So much for this humbug, "Native Americanism." So far does it accord with the views of George Washington.

But the most grievous of the "Natives'" complaints, and the most deserving reflection, if true, is that America is already being governed by an "infinity of aliens." Persons so credulous as to believe prophet Miller's burning up of the world, or the "Pope's invasion of the United States in '44," may find ample space in the receptacle of their vacant minds, for a story so entirely vague,—so evidently preposterous. That foreigners can "rule America," while in the Presidential chair, we find by the wisdom of time-honored patriots, a pure native-born is one of the most absurd emanations that ever escaped the brain-pan of an adle-pated "Native." Why could not the whigs rule America with the rod of Iron, when in 1840, like the Moabites of old, they sent out a federal prophet, to curse the American people. Why could they not force a United States Bank, and blast the prosperity of the whole Republic? Did they not in their undermining endeavors, level, by the aid of "pipelayers," all opposition, until they presented the product of their perfidy to "honest John Tyler," who, as he loved his country more than the outlandish speculations of his avaricious constituents, vetoed their schemes, when, like the "tower of Babel," tumbled down the United States Bank, to the surprise of all, and confusion of many tongues. Has not every President, like John Tyler, a veto? And no foreigner can be President. How then can the foreigners machinate any measure destructive to the government, that the ruling officer may not veto? This is an incontrovertible reason why foreigners, even if so disposed, can never overturn the institutions of this land.

In the Philadelphia "Native American," of December



7, 1844, appeared the following article, extracted from a whig paper of Tennessee, edited by a Reverend Mr. Brownlow, whose second God, up to the last presidential election, was "Cooney Clay." It explicitly exhibits the condolence of our whig neighbours, their premeditated resolution, and how they consider all foreigners as so many thorns in their sides. Read and judge. "We henceforth go the NATIVE AMERICAN ticket. And we warn the lovers of liberty now that the next presidential contest—if ever another is fought—must be fought upon this issue, and this alone. Not only has the last presidential election been carried by foreign voters, but every state and national election is carried by the same foreign influence. American citizens have wholly lost the control of their own affairs. Examine the facts. In Pennsylvania the foreign vote amounts to 25,000, and these were nearly all cast for Polk, Texas and Free Trade. In New York there are 70,000 foreign votes, and these were cast in a body for the democratic ticket. In Ohio the foreign vote amounts to 75,000, and upon that immense influence depends the welfare of that great State. In Maryland there are 20,000 foreign votes, and these were nearly all cast for the democrats. In Massachusetts there are 15,000 foreign voters, and they make it their special business to go against the whig party. In Virginia the foreign voters are estimated at 10,000, restricted as the suffrages of that State are. In Indiana, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois, South Carolina and Georgia, the American citizens are scarcely able to encounter this nefarious influence—an influence which is growing by tens of thousands every year, encouraged by these demagogues."

Pious language from a minister of the gospel! Dare a Catholic priest interfere so much in politics, his church, to pay the forfeit, would smoke in ruins. He mentions seven States, in which American citizens are scarcely able to encounter this nefarious influence. Had he said, as a substitute "Native Americans," he would have broken the spell, and told truth. The Reverend Politician seems to forget, that a *good American* and a *sound democrat*, are synonymous terms. But he writes as if all Americans were arrayed

on one side, and that by the baneful influence of foreigners on the other, they were signally defeated at the ballot-box. In the six States, whose foreign population he enumerates, the whole votes, by his own calculation, amount exactly to 215,000. Now, for argument sake, we will exceed this estimation, and as a greater "eye-sore" to his *Reverence*, leave the foreign votes throughout the Union one million. According to the latest census of the United States, the whole inhabitants approximate to nineteen millions. Will the Reverend editor, for the enlightenment of his brethren and subscribers, explain the anomaly, and elucidate as a miracle of the nineteenth century, how it can be possible that one million of foreign voters can overthrow the policy of nineteen millions of native-born Americans. To prove this, he must allow that one foreign vote falls as heavy in the ballot-box as nineteen native-born votes. Certainly, if all natives vote one way, and all foreigners the other, it is clear as the mid-day sun, that nineteen millions are more than one, and consequently Americans may rule their own "affairs," and that too by a very large majority. But since the result of every election proves that all Americans go not one way, but are divided into two large bodies, the crime of foreigners voting, as free-men, as they please, appears not quite so heinous, on closer investigation. The persecuted foreigner lands on American soil—he appears a stranger to all, and all around are strangers to him—he is forbidden to approach the ballot box for five years after his landing. By the laws of classic Greece, he might have taken his seat in the great court of Areopagus in a shorter time: for if he be not sufficiently initiated in the mystery of casting his vote independent, at the expiration of this period, in my judgment he would not, had he lived the age of Methuselah. During this judicious term of probation, unless he was born sightless, he cannot fail to perceive a difference between these two opposite parties of the *very same* soil. The first portal open to this requisite information is, to become acquainted with their names, and instructed in their principles. On his first enquiry, he is told the one party denom-



inate themselves whigs, the other democrats. But as easy may he straighten the curved rainbow,—pluck the stars from Heaven, or paint the various and changeable hues of the *chameleon*, as learn all the serpentine schemes and back-ground chicanery of the former. Certain it is, that some *internal* or *external* cause must have divided the children of the same land, else they would now be either all whigs or all democrats. This every foreigner should know, before he interferes in politics. A secret to himself, he listens while some time-honored American, whose locks are bleached with the frosts of ninety years,—who had lived when the politics of all natives were, to free their land, and leave liberty a legacy to their children, requests to be heard, while he thus explains the primary cause of this wonderful dissension:—

“I was born in Rockland county, in 1754. I had been twenty-one years of age, when the first drop of Revolutionary blood was spilled at Concord. Like the blood of Abel, it cried to Heaven, and rang in the ears of Americans. LIBERTY! LIBERTY!! LIBERTY!!! reverberated from hill to hill, and re-echoed from valley to valley. Then the plough-share was changed to a sword, and the farmer to a soldier. Young as I had been, I found the sensations of liberty swell my breast, and my only wish was to fight, as a youthful patriot, the battles of my country. Under Washington I obtained my wish. Believe me, for these wounds, which once discharged a flow of my vital fluid, and proved my courage in the van of armies. I laid my hand on Major Andre, when captured at Tarrytown, conducted him to Washington’s head-quarters, at Tappan, saw him confined in the old “76” stone house, and accompanied him to the adjacent hill, where he died for the royalty of England.

By loyalty and valor, which eclipsed the traditionary legends of Rome or Greece, I saw the flag of my country wave in triumph, and British soldiers blasted like stones from a quarry, before I returned to my rural habitation, and the dear companion of my bosom. At this time there was but one party. The foul spirit, discord, never found

access to the temple of liberty. But as in Heaven there was war among the angels, so in America a political disunion broke out among the very men whose blood was commingled on the battle-ground, and who, when cannon smoke obscured the sun, defended the honor of Columbia.

John Adams, a man as beloved before the Revolution, as since detested, may justly be called the Lucifer of American discord. Ambition, that delusive passion, that raises man above his natural position, and hides from view approaching ruin, laid him low and flat, at the first onset of his glory. How true it is, that the higher a body rises by the laws of gravitation, the more forcible and great will be its downfall. He was among the first that espoused the cause of liberty, and the first to go swop her for the demon intolerance. It may be said of him as of Manlius—he was the first that saved his country, and the first to betray her. Being made second President after Washington, he became the high priest of federalism,—instituted the “alien and sedition laws,” by which every President would be empowered, without either crime or trial, to proscribe all foreigners, banished and sent over by the oppression of their own land. Under these laws, such would be the absolute power of the President, that he would be a despot in every thing but name. Should he become ambitious of wearing the ensignia of royalty, he might wear the crown and assume the sceptre; yet he who dared write a single paragraph derogatory to his dignity, or opposed to his usurpation, or raise his voice in public against any act of his, no matter how foul or unjust, would be constrained to atone for his assurance, by penalty and incarceration. By the sedition law of 98, Mathew Lyons, an editor of a newspaper, who published an article condemnatory of the proscriptive spirit of this Adams, was sentenced to four months’ imprisonment, and a fine of one thousand dollars. During Van Buren’s administration, to wipe off the stain from the star-spangled banner, to the confusion of whigs, Congress decreed that the whole amount should be paid back, when his heirs received the sum of \$1,060,96, as an



evidence of the honesty of democracy. This obliterated the last blemish left behind, by the alien and sedition laws of John Adams. John Adams was the first whig,—his first political opponent was Thomas Jefferson. To this patriot's pen the world is indebted for that incomparable document, the Declaration of Independence. Although Adams subscribed his name to this, his "alien and sedition laws, when he came into power, gave a direct lie to the assertion—"all men are created equal." To prove man, the sceptre of power must be put into his hand. Had Jefferson agreed with Adams, not one feature, by which a republic could be distinguished from a kingdom, would have remained twenty years after the establishment of the "alien and sedition laws."

Jefferson, to hand down unsullied to children unborn, the freedom of the Republic,—to batter down the walls of separation, raised by the old whig, between the native and adopted citizen, and to hebetate for ever the shafts of prejudice hurled against the latter, marched from the bigot's camp bearing a banner, on which was inscribed the following inscription:—

"NATIVES AND FOREIGNERS BLEED FOR OUR COUNTRY—AS THERE WAS NO DIFFERENCE IN THEIR BLOOD, THEY SHALL FIND NO DIFFERENCE IN OUR GOVERNMENT."

All Americans whose hearts were free from tyranny, followed Jefferson, whom they hailed as their great democratic leader. All these assumed the name of democrats, or friends to the people, and hence the origin of democracy. This name they retained, unchangeable as the sun in his diurnal course, to the present day. But, foreigner, should you doubt the veracity of these words—should you suspect an old man of the revolutionary school, whose blood flowed for the freedom of mankind, as capable of diverting your course from the temple of liberty, read the banners of both parties, and if my words correspond not with their every day actions, believe me not. "You are already of age, judge for yourself."

All this time the foreigner is silent. The account given of the origin of both parties, and the principles they uphold,

by the revolutionary patriot, leaves not a shadow of doubt behind; yet willing to test ocular demonstration, he reads the banners borne by both parties, as they pass before him in succession. The first he beholds is a whig procession, whose emblems are log-cabins, coons, corn-cobs, and hard cider. The first banner that approaches, reads thus: "We want a revival of the alien and sedition laws, and an alteration of the naturalization laws so that foreigners must be slaves twenty-one years in this land."

On the next he reads Senator Root's opinion of all foreigners, particularly Irish Catholics: "Foreigners are paupers, strangers, sojourners, loafers, and other cattle, who contribute not one cent to to the maintenance of the government, and are not found, save on the day of election, and are never seen afterwards. They swear falsely with perfect impunity as respects punishment in this world, and according to whose faith, perhaps the price of a day's labor, gives them absolute security for the next."

The third that meets his eye, is grandly decorated with orange and blue ribands. Is this Native Americanism! It appears to be the identical banner, carried by the Orangemen of the North of Ireland, every 12th of July, when they rush forth in lawless, blood-thirsty gangs, to assassinate "Papists," and reap the fruits of an "ORANGEMAN'S OATH." His suspicion is confirmed, when he hears the "Native" band play up in their march through Broadway, under the out-stretched wings of Columbia's eagle: "*King William over the water.*" Though garbed in a Native American mask, he instantly recognizes the same orange or tory party that left him a pennyless stranger in a strange land.

"*To h-ll with the Pope, and burn his Churches!*" echoes from the profane lips of thousands of these "Native" Orangemen. He then recollects that his Satanic Majesty once changed himself into an angel of light; yet notwithstanding his angelical appearance externally, he was still the same malignant spirit that tempted our first parents in Eden,—the infernal enemy to the human race. He instantly sees with unerring eyes, that whether under the name of whigs, natives, or federals, their works are purely Orange.



Sad experience long since told him the farther he keeps aloof from all such bigots, the more prosperous will be his fortune.

The followers of Jefferson next pass by. Unfurled to the gentle gale, appears in bold relief: "CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY!! UNBOUNDED AS THE GLOBE UPON WHICH WE STAND, IS THE FREEDOM OF AMERICA!!! IT IS NOT THE PECULIAR PROPERTY OF ANY ONE MAN, BUT THE COMMON PORTION OF ALL GOOD CITIZENS, NATIVE AND ADOPTED, BEQUEATHED TO THEM AS THE MOST PRECIOUS OF LEGACIES, BY THE PATRIOTS OF '76." THE TREE OF OUR LIBERTY WAS PLANTED FOR THE PERSECUTED OF THE WHOLE WORLD. UNDER ITS SPREADING BRANCHES AND REVIVING FOLIAGE, MAY FREELY AND SECURELY RECLINE THE WEARY STRANGER, ENJOY ITS COOLING SHADE, AND LIVE FOREVER ON THE FRUITS OF ITS INDEPENDENCE."

The next that follows, as a direct contradiction to the spurious calumnies of that disreputable tory, Senator Root, is an extract of a letter, written by the illustrious founder of the Republic, to the Catholics of the United States, immediately after his being elected to the presidential chair. Anxious to learn Washington's opinion of the Irish Catholics, when mens' souls were tried in the cause of humanity, the foreigner reads as follows:

"As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community, are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. *I hope ever to see America amongst the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume, that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.*"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The foreigner comparing this extract with the "Natives' " opinion of Roman Catholics, at once is impressed with the idea that Washington was as good a Native American as Mr. Quackenboss, Rev. Mr. Brownlow, or the "Native"

of Rockland county, and had a little better right to be acquainted with the merits or demerits of this maligned class of citizens, than any of these splinters blasted from the old rock of federalism. He knows that the world pronounce Washington to have been a disinterested citizen—a man who never advanced one step in his country's cause for self aggrandizement; whose sole ambition was to see his country the purest of nations; yet he never in all his addresses, in all his writings, admonished his countrymen against the "Pope's visit to America in 1845." He never said that Catholics would betray their trust, or that they never opened a sanctuary in Maryland, when the dragon Persecution outstretched her wings for the punishment of harmless Quakers. On the contrary, he recommends them to liberal-minded Americans, as a people unsparing of their blood, who rendered him invaluable services when young America was struggling to shake off the manacles, forged and rivetted by the tyrants of the old world. "He hopes to see America ever amongst the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality." How far this Christian hope would be realized under the "Native" administration, the poor foreigner may read on the sable banners that unfurl their contracted folds from the "Native" head quarters, or National Hall.

Under the "alien and sedition laws" of Adams, and under every whig administration since the foundation of the Republic, (which, thank God, are very few) the foreigners of every country were cruelly oppressed, and considered as an inferior remnant of the human creation. But as the brightest angels, compared to the blackest demons, were the rankest of whigs to these unblushing office hunters, that under the appearance of patriotism, endeavor to wrest the reins of government, and raise the fabric of "Native" greatness on the black, smoking ruins of Catholic churches. Their chief motto they have borrowed from Roboam's address to the people of Israel: "*Our fathers made your yoke heavy, but we will add to your yoke: Our fathers beat you with whips, but we will beat you with scorpions.*"

If thus the foreigner finds every action, every move of



the federal or "native" party, corroborating the statement of the true American—if he finds on one side insults, bigotry, proscription, and slavery, while on the other he sees the bright sun of freedom dispelling the clouds of toryism, and shedding his nurturing rays alike on the native and adopted citizen, should he be pronounced culpable or ignorant if he turns his back to the enemies of their own country, and give his hand and vote for the wider spread of democracy! Certainly no foreigner, save an *Orangeman*, whose political creed is to join the aristocracy of any land, could ever vote for a party so near-sighted in their views—so inimical to Republican liberty.

With as much propriety may the fowler who spreads his nets for the capture of wild-pigeons, curse the sagacious birds, which sensible, as it were, of nature's first law, self preservation, choose rather to feed on freedom's element, than fall into the bloody hands of their relentless executioner, as "natives to hate and curse an Irishman, who, unwilling to be a slave, avoids the toils of toryism, in which he was once entangled, and which he fortunately escaped by coming to America. Should they desire to get the adopted citizen's vote, they must no longer pursue the road to violence. They must pursue a more virtuous course, than that in which they have trodden, since they first appeared in the political arena. The most ignorant foreigner that ever crossed the Atlantic, is at least capable of knowing his left hand from his right—his tory enemy from his democratic friend. He may, indeed, be branded the child of want and ignorance, by the monsoon of slavery that rages over his native land, but the three powers of the soul, implanted in his bosom by the common Father of all, no "Native" can subvert—naught but death can take away.

Grateful to the American people, for the asylum they opened for his reception; for the balm they applied to his bleeding wounds, he considers it an act of bounden duty to vote for the best interests of the land in which he lives beyond the tyrant's grasp. This he knows to be democracy. The greatest liberty to the greatest number, is the greatest blessing to any nation. This he can only find among the

friends of Jefferson. 'This was recommended by the four props upon which our liberty rests, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Madison. If "Natives" desire to reach the goal of their ambition, they will leave all churches standing, until such time as Jehovah may ordain to burn them with lightning from the heavens. One, or a few dozen, of fanatics, are not infallible judges of the religious belief of millions. God alone knows the purity or corruption of the human heart. Leave, then, all religions to the mercy of God. He consumed the ancient cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, because of their wickedness, without a "Natives'" torch. Had he considered Catholic countries, Catholic cities, and Catholic churches, equally criminal, he would, for the pleasure and gratification of "Natives," long since have visited the earth with other showers of fire and brimstone. They should bear in mind, that "zeal without religion is a fire without light."

Having thus briefly delineated the true cause of the Irishman's emigration,—his unshaken love of liberty,—his tried prowess in the van of danger, and his firm attachment to American institutions, it only remains to assure all Americans that, far from being hostile, or opposed to them in the slightest degree, he loves them dearer than any other people. It is universally admitted, that the true characteristic of the Irish is, that they are impatient of injury, and mindful of favors. The injury received over his father's grave, is engraven on his very soul, for which he pants to strike a deadly blow against the government of England;—while the freedom he obtains from Americans,—the cordial welcome he receives on his landing, bind him as indissoluble to their land and institutions, as any native-born.

The American, having been rocked in the cradle of liberty, as a matter of course, knows more of freedom than the Irishman; but the latter, conceived in bondage, and brought forth in chains, has felt more keenly the pangs of oppression, than all Americans in the world, and consequently is, by nature, and nature's God, an ardent lover of liberty. Though the child of want, he drank the milk of



democracy from his mother's breast, and every succeeding act of the tyrant, but weaned his affections from his enslaved home, and paved his road to republican liberty.

To appreciate the enjoyment of sound health, it must be valued after long, painful sickness. He who never felt a moment's pain, must be a very poor judge of the pangs of a burning fever. The doctor, who administers medicine to mitigate the torments of the agonized sufferer, can better judge the efficacy of the antidote, than the excruciating pains that confine the patient to his bed. Thus it is, that the Irishman, recovered from the malady of tory oppression, is better able to appreciate the blessings he enjoys under the benign influence of freedom, than he who only knows slavery by name. As the most illiterate man is capable of feeling an indisposition of his own body, and his recovery to sound health, so he may be able to judge accurately between the gaping wound, inflicted by slavery, and the sanative balm applied by the angelic hand of freedom. He must be truly more depraved than ignorant who can not tell the aspect and advance of toryism, even in its most disguised shape. "The tree is known by its fruit," and toryism by the distinction it makes in mankind, and its domineering sway in every kingdom throughout the world. To oppose this Hydra in any land, is the Irishman's firm and avowed principles, aware that :

" A monster more fell, offended heaven ne'er sent  
From hell's abyss for human punishment."

In doing this he proves grateful to the land of his adoption, and merits the confidence of every good American. To assist the enemies of democracy would be in reality subverting the best interests of the masses of the people, and changing a republic, the common property of ALL, into an oligarchy, that a few might rule with a rod of iron, and aggrandize themselves on their country's ruin, and at the expense of the labouring millions. A slave whose shoulders were ever lacerated with the thong of the cruel slaveholder, and who fortunately escaped the author of his shameful sufferings, could not be expected to promote, so much, the power and welfare of his infamous task-master,

from whom he received but stripes and flagellation, as that of a merciful and clement benefactor, who shields him from slavery, and acknowledges him a friend, a companion, and a brother. Were he on his being emancipated, to exert all the faculties of his soul in direct opposition to all the measures of his kind protector, for the reinstatement into power, of his demoralizing enslaver, what living man that would not pronounce him a wretch, too abject to live a freeman—the fittest animal to wear a tyrant's yoke! Such, I know, would be the prevalent opinion of all Americans against the long-enslaved Irishman, if after breaking through the barrier of lordly oppression, and reaching this "*land of promise*," he could be so morally depraved as to forge the galling chains of future subjugation, and subject himself, and children unborn, to the misrule of ambitious and designing demagogues, who, like a Roman Nero, would regale themselves with the flames of their burning country, and quaff "hard cider" 'mid cinders and desolation. Against private men of any sect, creed or country, the Irishman entertains no antipathy: he respects and honours all men as he finds them. He believes that, religiously or politically, man should be entitled to his unshackled opinion; as a member of the human family, he contends for this and *no more*. Take free will from man, and instead of his being the "noblest work of God," he becomes the most worthless and despicable creature, that moves upon the earth. This the haughty minions of limited power and grinding aristocracy have attempted. As the wolf feeds upon the lamb, the shark upon smaller fishes, and the hawk upon birds of inferior size, so toryism has subsisted in every land on the poor man's sweat and toil. The one may plough and sow,—the other reap all benefits.

If it be criminal to oppose this, it must be confessed none can be blacker in guilt than Irishmen, throughout the world. For the scanty living they obtain at the hands of "Whigs," or "Natives," they are willing to erect expensive rail-roads,—fell the sturdy oaks of immeasurable forests,—excavate the most pestilential canals, and leave their employers the lighter end of every undertaking; but



to be forced to barter their conscience on the day of election,—to vote for the enemies of their creed and country, for the sake of employment, or any other selfish consideration, is about as foreign to an Irishman's principle, as time to eternity—as opposite as vice to virtue. From his infantile days, he beheld England, a destructive volcano in the centre of Europe, emitting from its yawning *crater* the calid lava of damning persecution, from one end of Ireland to the other. Unable to live free, in the land of his fathers, he embarks for a wester world, well knowing that—

“ A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.”

Bearing in mind the slavery to which nine millions of his countrymen are subjects,—confident that America is the only part of God's earth, where he can be free,—and that the baneful influence of toryism is a blighting pestilence, which cripples the best energies of man, infects his soul, and sinks him on a level with the “brute creation,” he stands, the humble, but fearless advocate of equal rights,—the unvacillating friend to JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY. But in the free exercise of this great prerogative, he is envied, slandered, and misrepresented. All that purple-headed bigotry, rank whiggery, and sacrilegious “*Native Americanism*” can rake from the profundity of the Hartford Convention, rolls a muddy and impetuous torrent against him ; but, as truth annihilates falsehood, his political integrity rises above the grasp of malice,—his services are appreciated by every noble-minded American. The freedom, civil and religious, for which a Washington fought, and a Warren bled, is the boon for which an Irishman leaves home. To escape a tyrant's chains,—to disembark, a friendless exile on a strange shore,—to swear undying hostility to all European despots,—to supplicate protection at the temple of liberty ; and to devote his future life and fortunes to the best interests of his adopted home, are crimes so sable and unpardonable in an IRISHMAN, that nothing save an involuntary endurance of twenty-one years slavery, can mollify the hatred of our Ameri-

can "Natives," or elevate his condition above the level of "a brute." If any other man goes wrong, in his opinion it is absolutely because "he knows no better." Should the temple of the living God blaze by a "Native's" brand, it must be attributed to his excess of piety; but for an Irishman to vote, agreeably to his opinion, is, "of course" a thousand times more wicked than to burn Philadelphia from end to end, down to ruins and charcoal.

Having briefly, but imperfectly attained the object of my writing, by laying before the impartial reader the true causes of Irish emigration, together with the consistency or inconsistency of "Native Americanism" as it is, it only remains to offer a friendly and wholesome advice to our misguided "Natives," as they have already reached the apex of their ambition. Hour after hour we see this raging tide of "Nativeism" ebbing to its last. We see them by rapid strides descend the slippery hill of political disappointment, and all their glory vanish, like a shadow when the sun enrobes himself in the centre of a cloud. The frowns and scoffs of a free people meet them at every corner, while the spectre, proscription, deprives them of their sleep, their freedom, and understanding.

At such a time, it is charitable to advise. Let the "Natives" become thinking men, and they will find all men alike,—the creatures of the same God—the inhabitants of the one world. Let charity, without which man is unworthy of his erect position, possess and inhabit their black and clouded minds. Let them, before they evaporate their unwarrantable animosity against the whole population of long-enslaved Erin, learn the manly and forgiving spirit of the Irish they condemn. Let them reflect on the intolerable opppression, that, like a blasting hurricane, swept with irresistible violence over that unhappy portion of the world, during the last six hundred years; and, above all, deeply impress it, if possible, on shallow minds, that since the earliest propagation of the holy faith in Asia—since the serpent's head was crushed on "Calvary," not one solitary proselyte was ever converted, either to religion or politics, by the conflagration of a CATHOLIC CHURCH. Let



them leave all men to their own will, as well before the altar of God, as at the ballot-box,—forgive the human frailty and imperfections of the liberty-seeking Irishman,—blot from their clouded minds the sable rancour that feeds upon their souls; and when they witness, with a “Native’s” eye, the exile’s omission in a strange land, let them not snatch the brand of an incendiary, but with more learned sages remember, that—“*Humanum est errare.*” No man, save a “Native,” can hate an Irishman.

“ His hand is rash, his heart is warm,  
 But principle is still his guide ;  
 None more regrets a deed of harm,  
 And none forgives with nobler pride ;  
 He may be duped, but wont be dared,  
 As fit to practice as to plan,  
 He dearly earns his poor reward,  
 And spends it like an IRISHMAN !”

☞ Soon shall appear the hidden things and tory-laws of  
 Piermont. ☞

RD - 17







WHAT BRINGS SO MANY IRISH TO AMERICA!"

*N. Y. Review of April, 1845*

A PAMPHLET

WRITTEN BY HIBERNICUS:

ONE PART OF WHICH

EXPLAINS THE MANY CAUSES

OF

IRISH EMIGRATION;

THE OTHER

THE CONSISTENCY OR INCONSISTENCY

OF

**"Native Americanism" as it is.**

—  
"Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour  
When first Ambition struck at regal power;  
And thus polluting honour in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force,  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore;  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;  
Seen opulence her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall;  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?"

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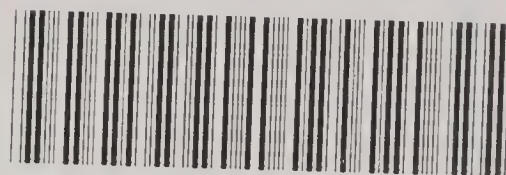
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